



No. 478.—Vol. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ETHEL IRVING AS THE AMBITIOUS LITTLE MILLINER IN "THE COUNTRY GIRL,"

AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Cannes and the King—The Riviera in Spring—The Cannes Golf Club—Tennis and Regattas.*

CANNES is disappointed, naturally enough, that the King is not going there this year. The coming or not coming of His Majesty makes a great difference to many worthy people on the Riviera. If the King had come, his presence would have meant the prolongation of the Cannes season until the end of April; the hotels would all have been full to their utmost holding capacity, and the drivers of the fiacres, the flower-women, and the boatmen would all have reaped a silver harvest. But it is not only the loss of the money that grieves the good Cannois, for King Edward is a great personal favourite amongst them. The buxom lady in black who possesses the deepest of voices and who sells the papers at the station book-stall would not believe for a long time that the King was not going to stay at Cannes; and at the Reserve, the little, red-roofed restaurant which is built on the rocks and where the King is fond of breakfasting, the whole personnel, for each of whom His Majesty always has a kindly word, hoped against hope that all the rumours of his non-coming were false; but when it was known that the King had written to the Grand Duke Michael, the President of the Golf Club, a letter in which he said that the arrangement of the details as to the Coronation and the approaching move into Buckingham Palace will prevent him from going to Cannes this year, the Cannois had to accept their disappointment as best they might.

In three weeks or a fortnight the exodus from the Riviera will commence, and the English will hurry back to their own country just as the South of France is beginning to put on its most beautiful garlands, for the Southern Coast in the late weeks of April and early in May is at its loveliest. Now the flower-market near the Croisette is heaped with blooms, but then the whole country is a flower-garden, and the rose-bushes, which are spreading a few blossoms now, blaze with colour and fill the air with scent. It is not safe yet to be abroad at sundown without a great-coat, but in three weeks' time it will be possible to live the sunny, lazy life of the South as it should be lived—walking on the mountains in the warm mornings, and long, happy afternoons, dreaming in some sheltered arbour through the drowsy hours of mid-day, watching the deep purple of the Esterels across the shining blue of the bay, and the blaze where the sunlight strikes the walls of the prison of the Man of the Iron Mask and of Bazaine on its cliff on the long island to which the fishing-boats with white sails pass to and fro from the western promontory. Yet, instead of thousands, there will be but a score of English to enjoy Cannes, then at its best.

But, in the meantime, the members of the English and American Colonies at Cannes are amusing themselves and revelling in the spring sun, and the Golf Club, a mile or two away, at Napoul, is crowded daily. The Golf Club is the great social institution of Cannes; the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby are its King and Queen, and Colonel Woodward, the Honorary Secretary, is their Prime Minister. Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, all Cannes goes out to lunch or take tea and to watch the crack players take part in competitions, and the great room of the Club-house, when there are nearly two hundred people, mostly ladies, lunching there, is as pretty a sight as can be seen anywhere in the world of Clubs. The prizes that are given at the Spring Meeting, now just past, are very well worth the winning. King Edward, as Patron, always gives a very splendid prize. There are gold medals both for ladies and men; the winner of the Challenge Cup is given a work of art to keep permanently, and the Grand Duke, the President, always presents as his prizes some delightful works of Russian jewellers' art. The links look like English links, so close-set is the turf; and the fresh sea-air which comes across the bay, the waves of which almost sprinkle some of the putting-greens, does more good to the convalescents and the wounded officers who come to Cannes than do all the medicines of all the doctors.

Lawn-tennis is the other game that Cannes affects, and all the winter through some of the crack lawn-tennis players are to be found at the Hôtel Beau-Site, where the tournament courts are on its broad terrace. When the brothers Doherty and De Gordon and Ker Seymer and Le Maire have played in the tournaments further along the coast, at Monte Carlo and Mentone and Nice, they come to Cannes to finish their tour of the tennis-grounds, and it seems as though this year the tennis tournament and the regatta will end the season.

The regattas this year have not been arranged, as is usual, in order that the yachts may move on from one port to the other nearest to it, but, as there has been some grumbling in past years as to the dates assigned to different Yacht Clubs for their fixtures, this year lots were drawn for the various weeks in the winter season, and, as a consequence, *Kariad* and *Sybarita* and the smaller craft have done more cruising than usual, going from Nice to Mentone and San Remo, then back to Marseilles, and sailing down the coast again to Cannes, where they are due early in April. Then Marseilles holds its second regatta, and after that the great steam-yachts which have lain the winter through at anchor in the Riviera ports will steam up to the Channel in readiness for the Coronation Season, its Naval Review, and the great gathering there is to be this year at Cowes.

## THE MAN ON THE BANK.

*Well Rowed, Cambridge—Barnes for "The Man on the Bank"—Other Points on the Course—Where have the Blue Ties Gone?—Exit the Steam-Organ—No Cycling Allowed—A Comparison of Form.*

"WELL rowed, Cambridge!" was the cry that ran all along the banks from Putney to Mortlake last Saturday, and there can be no doubt that the victory of Cambridge was thoroughly popular. When I saw the crews come along, Cambridge was leading by a good four lengths, and not doing much more than a paddle, while Oxford were working away gallantly, but being left behind at every stroke. It was all over bar shouting, for Cambridge had plenty of steam left, while Oxford looked about pumped out. The water was almost smooth, for there was hardly any wind, and the rain luckily left off before the crews reached us, or the ladies' umbrellas would have spoiled my view. Cambridge well deserved their victory, for they were a long way the better crew, and, after the run of bad luck they had in the 'nineties, it was very gratifying to see them win a race in such an easy way by five lengths. Notwithstanding the exertions of the valiant sixteen, they were all in the best of spirits when they dined together in the evening at the Trocadero.

This year I was at Barnes, which, I take it, is one of the very best places from which to see the race. I was there last year, and saw the beginning of the fine spurt on poor Culme-Seymour's part which just got Oxford home the winners. It used to be said that whichever crew shot Barnes Bridge first would be the winner, but that saying has been frequently proved wrong of late years. Indeed, when the crews are pretty level, Barnes is the place where the race really begins and those whose view is not shut out by other people's hats see the best of the sport.

Of course, when the race is known to be nothing but a procession, the start is the thing to see, and so in 1900 I went down to the boat-houses at Putney and was lucky enough to see the only part of the race worth looking at—the way in which Cambridge ran away from Oxford at the first stroke. At one time, I used to go to a place at Hammersmith, where one has a capital view of the boats for the second mile of the course, though, of course, the position of the boats at that point gives no clue to the result. At Chiswick Meadows you get a good view of the struggle in Corney Reach, and three times I have been at the winning-post, though I never have had the luck to see a close finish. But, all things considered, I hold that Barnes is the best place for "The Man on the Bank" who has got no steamer to go in.

We are always being told that the interest in the Boat-race is falling off, but the crowds which line the banks from start to finish are pretty good evidence that "The Man in the Street" still appreciates a fair and square trial of skill and endurance. What has fallen off is the wearing of the rival colours. At one time, I can remember there was hardly a man, woman, or child without a bit of light- or dark-blue ribbon somewhere about them, and blue ties were all the rage as soon as ever the crews came to Putney. But now scarcely anyone sports the blue, and even the cabbies and the bus-drivers have given it up. But that does not show that people do not want to see the great race if they can.

There have been a great many changes on the tow-path, especially since the Waterworks Company set about digging their reservoirs on what used to be a farm between Putney and Hammersmith. This year, the waste bit of land near Hammersmith Bridge has been railed in, and the merry-go-rounds, swings, and cocoa-nut shies, which used to do a roaring trade there, have had to go elsewhere. I quite missed the familiar blast of the steam-organ at the practice this year, and I expect that in a year or two we shall see a huge block of flats stuck up on the place where the organ used to roar out "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "Daisy, Daisy," a few seasons ago.

One thing I was very glad to see, and that was that the police had put a stopper on the cyclists who used to race along the bank after the crews, to the great danger of the spectators. A year ago, I said in this column that I hoped the practice of riding along the bank would be stopped, as I had seen some children nearly ridden over as the crews went by. It is not easy to steer a bicycle along a rough tow-path when the rider has both eyes fixed on the boats he is following, and I wonder that some serious accident did not happen. However, this year the police did the right thing, and deserve the thanks of "The Man in the Street."

Cambridge were the favourites with the riverside talent from the day they made their appearance at Putney, and it was not surprising, for they had much more go about their rowing than the Oxford men, and their boat seemed to run much faster, between the strokes. The Dark Blues were very pretty and much neater than their opponents, but they never gave one the impression of having a good grip of the water from the beginning of the stroke or a strong shove off the stretcher with the legs. The Cambridge men had not such a body-swing as the Dark Blues, but in the race there was no fault to find with them on this point.





THE BOAT-RACE FROM THE TOW-PATH.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOHN HASSALL.



## THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA, "BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.

NOW that the Drury Lane pantomime has finished, after a most successful run, that splendid show's producer, Mr. Arthur Collins, may be observed upon that vast theatre's vast stage superintending the huge production, "Ben-Hur," which the extensive American Managers, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, have sent over per their astute and experienced representative, Mr. Joseph Brooks. It is only natural that "Ben-Hur" should have aroused so much expectation, not to say excitement, in connection with its importation from "the other side," for

this adaptation, made by Mr. William Young from General Lew Wallace's powerful, if at times unequal, romance of the same name, has for the past few years drawn All America, recording crammed houses in every State of the Union.

You must know, firstly, that the play opens with a prelude which you are most earnestly requested to be in time to see. This prelude represents a view of the desert by night (see illustration on opposite page) what time the Three Wise Men, namely, Balthasar from Egypt, Melchior from Hindostan, and Gaspar from Greece, are gazing out across the waste. Presently, the Star of Bethlehem becomes visible, at first disclosing itself but minutely, and anon growing in size and beauty, until, finally, it sends out glorious rays over all the heavens! Then the music, which has accompanied all the "business," bursts forth triumphantly, and this impressive but wordless prelude comes to an end.

The first Act opens in the palace of the young and impulsive Hebrew hero, Judah Ben-Hur, to be enacted by that powerful American actor, Mr. Robert Taber. After certain introductory business, chiefly concerning the stewardship of Simonides, who has made great gains for the Ben-Hur household, sundry dramatic indications are given of the increasing hatred of the Romans for the Jews—indications full of woe!—import to Ben-Hur's mother, who has no name in the play. Hard upon the return of Ben-Hur to the family circle comes a fell catastrophe for his house and all his belongings: It falls out in this wise. In the first place, Ben-Hur is hard beset by the mocking and sceptical Messala, who girds at the young Israelite for using the word "Love." Messala describes Love as non-existent, adding that with Romans "Marriage is but the first step to Divorce, and Virtue is a tradesman's Jewel." He urges Ben-Hur to forget that he is a Jew, whereupon Ben-Hur turns fiercely upon him and declaims in such sort that Messala, reminding him that he has spoken treasonably of the Powers that be, goes off vowing vengeance for the insult that he deems Ben-Hur to have heaped upon him in denouncing his race.

Presently the Procurator Gratus passes with a procession in the streets below, and Ben-Hur, ignoring his mother's admonition, that "in the presence of the conqueror nothing so becomes the conquered as silence," rushes shoutingly forward to the edge of the roof to see Gratus and Company, when lo! his foot shifts a heavy tile which falls upon Gratus and kills him. This incident of the Tile and the Tyrant results badly for Ben-Hur, for he is presently arrested by a Roman troop headed by the malicious Messala, who swears that he

saw the young Hebrew hurl the tile at Gratus. Amid a scene of wild excitement, Ben-Hur, fighting like a young lion, is borne off, calling upon Jehovah to afford him the opportunity of dire vengeance on all and sundry.

In the beginning of the next Act you will be shown a wonderful scene (see illustration on opposite page), representing the 'tween-decks part of a Roman galley, being rowed by fettered slaves, whose every stroke is timed by the Hortator on his sounding-board. When you get more used to the figures, you will notice that the haggard but fiery-eyed slave on Bench Sixty is the hapless young Ben-Hur. His noble bearing attracts the attention of one of the galley's Captains, stern Arrius, to wit. In spite of Ben-Hur's lofty pride and defiance, Arrius is moved to do him service, among other things ordering that when the galley goes into action Ben-Hur is not to be ironed. Aftersundry side-issues have been negotiated and Ben-Hur is shown to be thinking of the gentleness and graciousness of the Boy-Christ, whom he met erewhile, the galley is attacked and wrecked by pirates. In the midst of the conflict, Ben-Hur saves Arrius from being cloven in twain, and afterwards snatches him from the boiling waves into which they have both been cast. At that moment— But enough for the present about the story.

Every attempt has been made as regards the acting, the staging, and the music to

present the play with the deepest reverence. The very lavish incidental music which has been supplied by the American composer, Mr. Edgar Stelman Kelley, reaches in many instances a very impressive height, including extracts from certain well-known and much-reverenced hymns and other sacred pieces. What takes place immediately after the passing of the Nazarene in the last Act, when the scene swiftly changes to the Mount of Olives, with a view of the Holy City, need not—and, indeed, should not—here be set forth. In conclusion, I would, however, especially counsel the entire audience to be sure to wait for the Final Picture of the drama, and not to begin (as is often the case) making a stampede just before the curtain falls.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



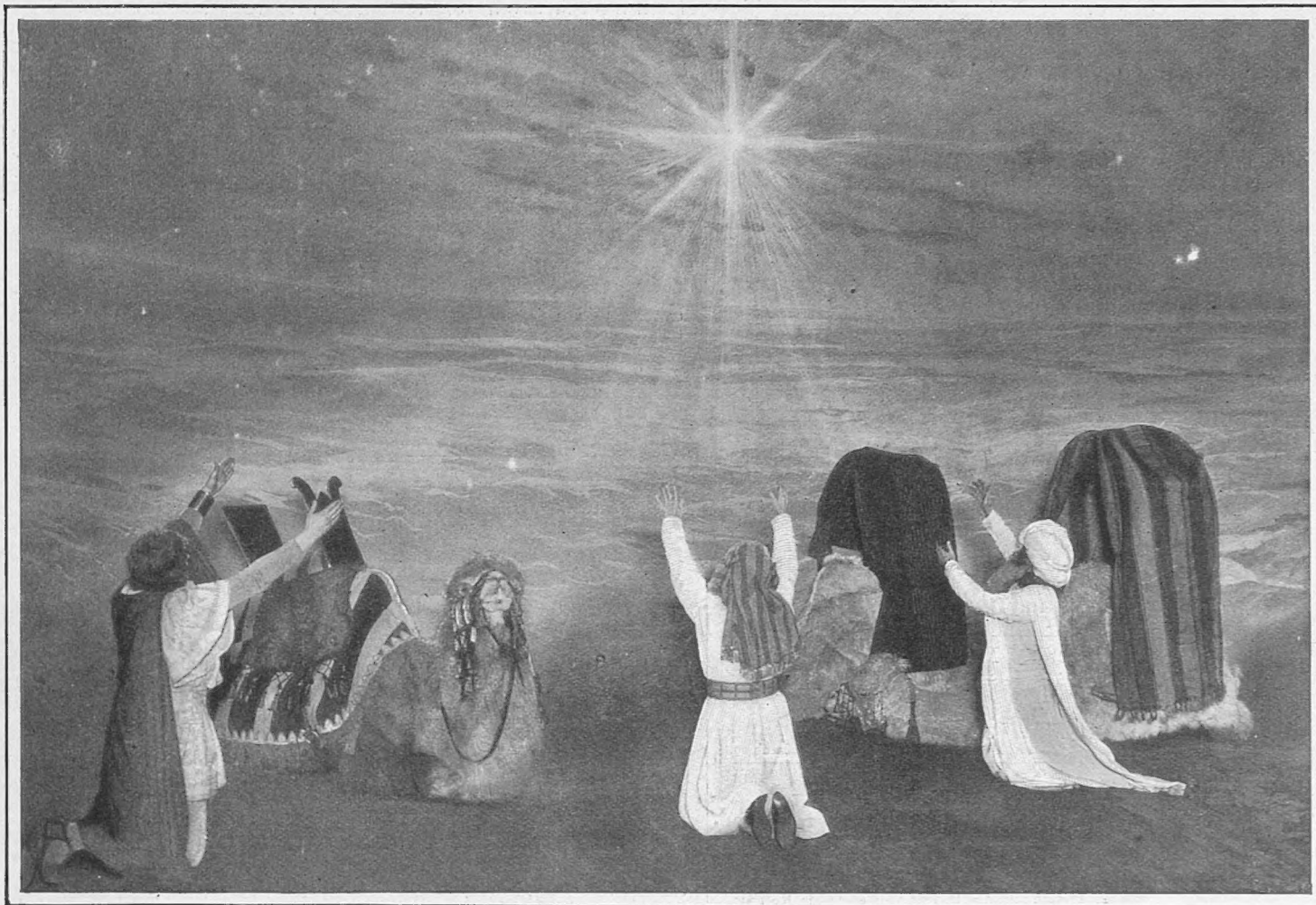
MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, WHO WILL PLAY IRAS, THE EGYPTIAN, IN "BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



TWO SCENES FROM "BEN-HUR,"

TO BE PRODUCED AT DRURY LANE ON MONDAY NEXT.



APPEARANCE OF THE STAR TO THE WISE MEN.



ACT II, TABLEAU I.—BETWEEN DECKS OF THE ROMAN TRIREME, "ASTREA": BEN-HUR, A GALLEY-SLAVE, ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF ARRIUS, THE TRIBUNE, WHO BEFRIENDS HIM. ON HIS KNEES HE BEGS OF THE ROMAN TIDINGS OF MOTHER AND SISTER.

*Photographs by Byron, New York.*



**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — MR. TREE.**  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30.  
ULYSSES, by Stephen Phillips.  
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
NO PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (Thursday), March 27, nor on SATURDAY, March 29.  
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

**LYCEUM. LAST TWO WEEKS.**  
EASTER MONDAY and EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY at 2.  
Charles Frohman presents  
WILLIAM GILLETTE in SHERLOCK HOLMES.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.  
EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock precisely.

A CHINESE HONEYMOON.  
A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

A Musical Play by George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.  
SPECIAL MATINEE EASTER MONDAY at 2.15.  
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S.**—Sole Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.  
Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. Leigh.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, a new play, at 9 o'clock,  
A COUNTRY MOUSE.  
A COUNTRY MOUSE.  
A COUNTRY MOUSE.  
A COUNTRY MOUSE.

By Arthur Law.  
Preceded at 8.15 by A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Miss Annie Hughes  
as "Saucers" (her original character). Doors open 7.50.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box Office 10 to 10.

**ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.**  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 punctually (EXCEPT TO-MORROW (Thursday), FRIDAY,  
and SATURDAY NEXT, HOLY WEEK),  
A Poetic Play in Four Acts,  
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA,  
By Stephen Phillips.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY (except Saturday, 20th inst.) at 2.15.  
Box Office 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

**GARRICK.**—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.  
PILKERTON'S PEERAGE, by Anthony Hope. EVERY EVENING at 8.20. MATINEES  
SATURDAY at 2.30. SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINEE April 2 at 2.30.

**WYNDHAM'S.** — Proprietor, MR. C. WYNDHAM.  
MRS. TREE'S SEASON, under the Direction of Mr. Tree.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, IRISH ASSURANCE; at 9, HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE;  
at 9.45, CÆSAR'S WIFE ("L'Enigme," by Paul Hervieu).  
MATINEE of HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE and CÆSAR'S WIFE  
WEDNESDAY, April 2, at 3 o'clock.  
NO PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (Thursday), March 27, nor on SATURDAY, March 29.

**LONDON HIPPODROME.**  
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.  
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

**THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL THEATRE** may be Engaged  
for Operatic and Dramatic Performances, Private Theatricals, Tuition, Rehearsals, Recitals,  
Lectures, Charity and Copyright Performances, &c. Also Commodious Crush-Rooms for Dancing,  
Receptions, Exhibitions, &c.—For Terms (moderate) and to View, apply HILTON CARTER,  
Manager, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, S.W.

**SINGING. MR. ERNEST CAMERON. SPEAKING.**  
VOICE PRODUCTION STUDIO, 4, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.  
Immediate Improvement effected in the Quality, Power, Compass, and Endurance of the Voice  
(Singing and Speaking). Loss of Voice, Throat Trouble, Huskiness, &c., permanently cured. Testi-  
monials from Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Maud Jeffries, Miss Maud Hoffman, and numerous others.  
SINGING. Prospectus and Copies of Testimonials Free on Application. SPEAKING.

**TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE TENDER,** Pursuant to an Order of  
the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, made in the matter of the Estate of John  
Sleeper Clarke, deceased, Whitfield v. Morgan and Others, with the approbation of Mr. Justice  
Kekewich, in one Lot, all that FREEHOLD PROPERTY known as THE STRAND THEATRE  
and the house NO. 169, STRAND, London.

Tenders are to be sent by post prepaid (in a sealed envelope marked "Tender") to Master  
Hewlett, at the Chambers of Mr. Justice Kekewich, situate at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand,  
London, not later than 3rd May, 1902. Particulars, with Plan and Conditions of Sale, with Form  
of Tender, may be obtained gratis of Edmund Dean, Esq., 5, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.,  
Solicitor; Messrs. Charles Russell and Co., 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., Solicitors; Messrs.  
Morgan, Upjohn, and Leech, 51, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., Solicitors; Messrs. Arthur Newton  
and Co., 23, Great Marlborough Street, W., Solicitors; Messrs. Powell and Skues, 34, Essex  
Street, Strand, W.C., Solicitors; Messrs. Waterhouse and Co., 1, New Court, Lincoln's  
Inn, W.C., Solicitors; and of Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, and Co., Surveyors, &c., 29, Fleet Street,  
Temple Bar, E.C.

**WEYMOUTH, the NAPLES OF ENGLAND.**—One of the most  
charming Seaside Resorts on the South Coast. Abounding in Natural Beauties and  
Climate Equal to that of the Riviera. Unsurpassed for its excellent Rod Fishing, it being a very  
common occurrence for over a Thousand to be hooked in One Evening.

**ALCOHOLIC EXCESS! DRINK and DRUG HABITS** completely  
conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by  
"TACQUARU" Specific Treatment (Turvey's method). Testimonials received from officials of  
LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE  
SOCIETY. Write in confidence, or call—The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU"  
COMPANY, 2, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**SOUTHEASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.**  
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

**SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO PARIS, via FOLKESTONE and**  
BOULOGNE, on Thursday, March 27, and Saturday, March 29, leaving VICTORIA  
2.40 p.m., HOLBORN 2.35 p.m., and ST. PAUL'S 2.37 p.m.; also from CHARING CROSS  
and CANNON STREET, via DOVER and CALAIS, at 9 a.m. on March 27, and at 9 p.m. on  
March 26, 27, 28, and 29. Returning on Bank Holiday from Paris at 3.25 p.m., via BOULOGNE,  
or at 9 p.m. any day within 14 days, via CALAIS.

CHEAP TICKETS available for certain specified periods will be issued to BOULOGNE,  
BRUSSELS, CALAIS, OSTEND, and Towns in HOLLAND during the Holidays.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS,  
CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE,  
MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER,  
FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLE-  
STONE-ON-SEA), will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Thursday, Friday, and  
Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29, available to return on Tuesday, April 1.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the  
principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE  
WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON,  
RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE,  
DOVER, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return fare from London,  
including admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets,  
Alterations in Train Services, &c., see special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

## OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

**THE** Opera Season at Covent Garden will be the most brilliant  
on record. On Thursday, May 8, it commences for sixty-seven  
representations, and probably a gala Coronation performance. I  
learn from Mr. Neil Forsyth that he is scarcely able to find places for  
the many applicants, some from India and the Colonies, while the  
aristocratic list of home grandees is fuller than ever. The syndicate  
system, with Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins at the head, will be  
responsible for the general management, Mr. Neil Forsyth having  
charge of the front of the house. The selection of operas will be  
arranged by M. Messenger, and there will be something to please  
every taste. Eleven works by Italian composers, eight German,  
and five French. Wagner will not be neglected, as "Tannhäuser,"  
"Lohengrin," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Tristan" are  
included in the scheme, and with new scenery and costumes. A few  
old favourites are to be revived; one of these, Verdi's "Ballo in  
Maschera," is most welcome, the music being as dramatic as it is  
melodious. "L'Elisir d'Amore," by Donizetti, is the other revival.  
Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," Beethoven's "Fidelio," and the principal  
operas of Meyerbeer will be given. The list of vocalists will include  
Madame Melba, Madame Calvé, Madame Suzanne Adams, and  
Madame Nordica. The conductors are Signor Mancinelli, MM. Plon  
and Lohse, with the famous Wagnerian conductors occasionally.

**EASTER HOLIDAYS. — CHEAP RETURN TICKETS**  
MARCH 27, 28, 29, and 30, to and from LONDON and the SEASIDE, returning on  
any day (except day of issue) up to Easter Tuesday.

**CHEAP RETURN DAY TICKETS. — GOOD FRIDAY AND**  
EASTER SUNDAY. — BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED.  
From Victoria 11 a.m. 12s.

Fast Trains from Victoria 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Pullman  
Car 12s. First Class 10s.

WORTHING. — From Victoria 11.5 a.m., First Class 10s., or including Pullman Car to  
Brighton 12s.

EASTBOURNE. — From Victoria 9.25 a.m., First Class 10s.; also Pullman Car Train from  
Victoria 11.15 a.m., 12s.

CYCLISTS' TRAINS. — From Victoria 10.10 a.m. Good Friday, to Horley, Three Bridges,  
and East Grinstead, and Easter Sunday to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham.

**SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS. — GOOD FRIDAY,**  
EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY. — From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton,  
Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and  
Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.  
*Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.*

**EFFECTUAL TREATMENT OF OBESITY** is secured by eating  
KALARI BISCUITS instead of bread or toast. They are palatable and starchless,  
contain no drugs, and have the approval of the medical profession. No severe denials necessary.  
Sample free. — CALLARD and CO., 65, Regent Street, London.

## BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

**CLARA IN BLUNDERLAND.**

By CAROLINE LEWIS. Illustrated by  
S. R. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Fourth Impression.

"Will give everybody who takes even the  
most superficial interest in contemporary  
politics a hearty laugh." — PALL MALL GAZETTE.

**MR. DOOLEY'S OPINIONS.** By

T. P. DUNNE. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Second  
Impression.

"This book is superbly intelligent. There  
is enough wit in it to stock a score of  
humorists." — ACADEMY.

## SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

### SCARLET AND HYSSOP.

By E. F. BENSON, Author of "The Luck of the Vails," &c.

"It is astonishingly up-to-date; it brims over with everything in which London society  
interests itself. An admirable picture, witty, cynical, and amusing." — STANDARD.

**A PROPHET OF THE REAL.**

By ESTHER MILLER.

"Really clever in plot, well written,  
passionate, and dramatic." — MORNING POST.

**SONS OF THE SWORD.** By

MARGARET L. WOODS, Author of  
"A Village Tragedy." Second Impression.

"Places her in the front rank of living  
novelists. Everyone should read 'Sons of  
the Sword.'" — TIMES.

**THE STORY OF EDEN.** By

DOLF WYLLARDE.

"The story is an outstanding one. A light  
wit beams through the dialogue." — ACADEMY.

**THE ASSASSINS.** By N. M.

MEAKIN.

**BY BREAD ALONE.** By I. K.

FRIEDMAN.

## THE DOLLAR LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

Price 4s. each.

"A handy, pocketable little series to take away on a holiday." — ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

**THE GURL AT THE HALFWAY**  
HOUSE. By E. HOUGH.

**PARLOUS TIMES.** By DAVID  
DWIGHT WELLS.

**LORDS OF THE NORTH.** By  
AGNES C. LAUT.

**THE CHRONIC LOAFER.** By  
NELSON LLOYD.

**HER MOUNTAIN LOVER.** By  
HAMLIN GARLAND.

**SISTER CARRIE.** By THEO-  
DORE DREISER.

**THE DARLINGTONS.** By E. E.  
PEAKE.

**THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN.**  
By C. M. FLANDRAU.

**A DRONE AND A DREAMER.**  
By NELSON LLOYD.

**IN OLE VIRGINIA.** By THOMAS  
NELSON PAGE.

**THE BELLAGUERED FOREST**  
By ELIA W. PEATTIE.

**THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS.**  
By JOHN GRAHAM.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King as Host to London's Poor.*

Edward VII., with the true kingly instinct, proposes to act as host next June to half-a-million of his poorest subjects! This unique Coronation banquet will be paid for entirely by the Sovereign, and will be called "The King's Dinner." Each guest so entertained will bear away with him or with her some memento—as likely as not a cup of glass—of the great occasion. Guided, doubtless, by the memory of what occurred on the occasion of the Jubilee Dinner in 1897, His Majesty has very wisely stipulated that every district of London is to be treated exactly alike—that is, there is not to be one set of rules in one part of the Metropolis and another set used elsewhere. On the last occasion, much ill-feeling was caused by the fact that the various menus differed in many important particulars, and too much was left to private initiative and arrangement.

Naturally, much curiosity has been expressed as to how the thirty thousand pounds the King is prepared to spend on his banquet will be utilised. Reducing the amount to shillings, six hundred thousand shillings should provide a very comfortable meal for half-a-million persons, and the menu will almost certainly consist of good British beef or legs of mutton, of fruit-tart and cream, winding up with cheese, and it is hoped that a glass of beer (or mineral-water for those who prefer it) may be included for the price.

*Former Coronation Feasts.*

Although we hear of no Coronation banquet on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Crowning, scarce a British Accession but has been marked by the public feasting of the poor. In the Middle Ages the fountains, then a feature of most of the London streets, actually ran with wine in honour of the Sovereign's Crowning; but no record was kept of how long these fountains played, probably only just long enough to give a

limited number of persons time to drink the King's health. The largest public dinner ever given was that provided by what was known as "The Princess of Wales's Jubilee Fund." Twenty-five thousand pounds towards the amount was forwarded by an anonymous donor, who finally proved to be Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Lipton. The banquet took place on June 24, 1897, three hundred thousand persons being entertained; and in "No. 5, John Street," Mr. Richard Whiteing has given an admirable and touching account of the visit paid by the then Princess of Wales to one of the banquets given to the poorest districts of London.

Queen Alexandra's stay in the land of her birth will be a comparatively short one; in fact, Her Majesty has gone to Denmark only in order to be present at the birthday celebrations of her beloved father, who is now the doyen of European Sovereigns. The Queen will be accompanied by Miss Knollys, and will, of course, rejoin there her daughter, Princess Charles of Denmark, but Princess Victoria will not accompany her mother on this occasion. The Prince of Wales, who is an enthusiastic fisherman, is off to Scotland, to fish the Royal reaches of the Dee. His Royal

Highness has now for some years past paid an early spring visit to the Highlands in order to engage in his favourite sport.

*Knowsley Hall.* Though Knowsley, like so many great country-houses, has had additions made to it during each successive century of its existence, the finest and most stately suite of rooms, including the noble dining-room where hangs a unique series of historical and family portraits, is comparatively modern. During his visits to Knowsley, the King, who has always been something of a bibliophile, has made a point of spending an hour in the library, which contains some noted first editions and a remarkably complete collection of works relating to horse-breeding and racing.



THE TERRACE, SANDRINGHAM, SHOWING THE NEW IMPROVEMENTS.



KNOWSLEY HALL, WHERE LORD DERBY ENTERTAINED A LARGE PARTY OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Photograph by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.



*The King at Cowes.* The Isle of Wight may esteem itself fortunate in having an early spring visit from the Sovereign. King Edward has long been greatly attached to the pretty little town which has been called the yachting headquarters of the world. Cowes becomes each year a smarter and smarter social centre; in fact, it is perhaps the only English town, great or small, which has about it a true cosmopolitan flavour, for during the Cowes Week every European language may be heard in its streets. The King's memories of the Isle of Wight stretch back a long way. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert made Osborne their country home long before there was any thought of their acquiring the Deeside estates, and, as children, King Edward, his brothers, and sisters certainly spent their happiest days in the Isle of Wight. During His Majesty's yachting cruise he will sleep and live on board the *Victoria and Albert*, but when the Royal Yacht is lying in Cowes Roads the King will almost certainly spend a certain portion of each day in the delightful headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which His Majesty became Commodore just twenty years ago, on the death of Lord Wilton, a position which he resigned, however, on his accession, though remaining officially connected with the Royal Yacht Squadron as Patron. The present Commodore is Lord Ormonde.

The "R.Y.S." has its headquarters in a building known at Cowes as "The Castle," which was originally built as a fort by Henry VIII., and which has belonged to the famous Yachting Club for close on fifty years. It is here that the Annual Dinner of the Squadron is held each year. On this occasion there is a wonderful display of old plate, including the Nelson Vase and the Queen's Cup. Some years ago, King Edward presented to the Club-house twenty-one quaint little cannon formerly on the *Royal Adelaide*, a toy warship that was planned by William IV. for use on Virginia Water.

The King has now decided that his progress from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey on Coronation Day shall be *via* the Mall, the Horse Guards, and Whitehall. Not till the Coronation has been actually accomplished will the procession take the longer route to the Palace, namely, *via* Whitehall, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Constitution Hill. Their Majesties are having almost every detail connected with the great pageant submitted to them for their personal consideration and approval.

It still seems quite uncertain as to whether a general or individual scheme of street-decoration will be carried out. In the great Continental cities the art of decorating public thoroughfares and buildings has been carried to the highest possible point of perfection, and in this matter the Londoner has much to learn from the citizen not only of Paris, but of Brussels, and even of the minor German Duchies. It is well known that their Majesties desire that the Coronation decorations shall be carried out in as perfect a manner as possible, and both the King and the Queen have given special sittings for the portraits of themselves to be used for the illuminated transparencies which will give a note of brightness and gaiety to the London streets on Coronation evening.

All sorts of wonderful stories are being told as to the great social functions which are to enliven the Coronation Season. There is even

a rumour that the King and Queen will give a magnificent ball at Windsor Castle during Ascot week. If this really comes to pass, the Royal Borough will indeed esteem itself fortunate, for, of course, everyone in the neighbourhood who is anyone will entertain friends in honour of the occasion. It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect place for a great ball than Windsor Castle, and it is strange that Queen Victoria, as a young married woman, never gave any really great entertainments there. The historic Fancy-Dress Ball given by her and by Prince Albert early in the 'forties took place at Buckingham Palace, the Queen appearing as Philippa of Hainault, and the Prince as the kingly Edward. Apropos of dances, Royal and other, it is very probable that the Prince and Princess of Wales will celebrate their taking up their residence at Marlborough House in some such fashion, and already one hears of the possibility of the Duchess of Devonshire repeating her great success of Jubilee Year by giving a Coronation

Fancy-Dress Ball, at which all the guests will be asked to attire themselves as in the year 1838, a very charming idea which might be carried out in a most interesting manner.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both," said Macbeth on a memorable occasion. Had his banquet been prepared by the artists of the Salon Culinaire, which gave an exhibition at the Albert Hall last week, the appetite would certainly have been forthcoming, whatever may have been the result of the digestion of the guests. To some people it may have seemed almost a sin that many of the beautiful exhibits should have been destroyed in order to be eaten, instead of being preserved as veritable works of arts, for such they undoubtedly were.

The *chefs* of the chief restaurants and Clubs certainly excelled themselves in their endeavour to excel each other and produce some notable exhibits. Even such up-to-date things as a model of M. Santos-Dumont's flying-machine and an automobile were not too difficult for the artistic modeller in confectionery, for they were to be seen manufactured in sugar by M. Benoist and M. Lucien Defils, while baskets of flowers, a railway-engine, a horse-and-cart, a wheelbarrow of potato-straws were conspicuous among the exhibits, which also included a "Moulin Rustique," with a roof made of almonds, on the table of the Hôtel Cecil. This won the chief prize. Even the standard jest about woman's cookery

will have to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness in the presence of the exhibits of Miss Gertrude Williams, Miss Rotherham, and Mrs. Wilson, who, in the ladies' section, showed a great deal of skill and much artistic ability in the preparation of various articles designed for the consumption of mere man. Lady Wimborne, as one of the chief hostesses of London, appropriately performed the ceremony of opening the exhibition with a certain amount of pomp and ceremony, which it certainly deserved, for what is there in the world to compare with the delights of a well-cooked dinner?

Mr. Kilson Trueman has sent me particulars of his operatic tour in the suburbs of London. He will commence at the Shakespeare, Clapham, on Easter Monday. Among the operas he announces are "Carmen," "Faust," "Maritana," "The Lily of Killarney," "Il Trovatore," and "The Bohemian Girl."



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS AT HOME.

THIS POPULAR ACTRESS HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY MR. CHARLES HAWTREY TO PLAY THE LEADING PART IN "THE PRESIDENT," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Thomas, Cheapside.



*Mr. Arthur Balfour's Brother.* It has often fallen to the lot of a distinguished man to be known as the son, as the brother, and, it may be whispered, even as the husband of an individual popularly supposed to be more remarkable and interesting than he is himself. This fate has, to a certain extent, befallen Mr. Gerald Balfour, who, had he not had a more famous elder brother, might have seen himself as popular with "The Man in the Street" as is Mr. Arthur Balfour himself. The Right Hon. Gerald William Balfour, to give him his full name and title, was the fourth son of his parents. As a youth, he was considered exceptionally clever, and among his past distinctions is the very high honour of having been elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He began his public life as Private Secretary to his brother, when the latter was President of the Local Government Board in 1885, and for a while he was regarded as one of the most interesting of political bachelors. At thirty-five he elected to change his state, and became the husband of the clever and charming young lady who is now universally known as Lady Betty Balfour, a daughter of the first Earl of Lytton. Mr. Gerald Balfour held the responsible position of Chief Secretary for Ireland for five years, and during that time he and his wife spent far more of their time in Ireland than has been usual in the most devoted of public servants. During the last two years, Mr. Gerald Balfour has been President of the Board of Trade, and it is likely that he will be still occupying that position when he next year celebrates his fiftieth birthday.

*Lady Carw.* The pretty Irish Peeress known to the world as Lady Carew is one of the most popular and clever women in Society. There are few great and smart functions from which she and her handsome sister, Mrs. Clifford Cory, are absent.



THE RIGHT HON. GERALD WILLIAM BALFOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

is a great Irish landowner, is devoted to Castle Boro, his principal seat, and there each summer he and Lady Carew entertain large parties of Irish and English friends.

*Lady Willshire.* Lady Willshire, who, herself the daughter of a Baronet, the late Sir Sanford Freeling, married just over ten years ago the distinguished soldier whose name she bears, is one of the most popular *châtelaines* in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Her pretty house at Fulmer, near Slough, is the scene of many gatherings, for the Royal Borough is one of the most lively and enjoyable places in the neighbourhood of London, and many well-known people have there their summer quarters.

*The Hon. Mrs. FitzGerald.* In Ireland the name FitzGerald is one to conjure with. The family, with its many branches, headed by the Duke of Leinster, has always been noted for its fair women and brave men, and the modern FitzGeralds, one and all, keep up the tradition. Several gallant FitzGeralds are at "the Front," and the Hon. Mrs. FitzGerald, whose portrait I publish, shares her name and style with two other young matrons, each equally noted for exceptional beauty.

*"The Little French Milliner."* One important production which was to have been given next Saturday, in readiness for the Easter holidays, has, at the moment of writing, had to be postponed. This is "The Little French Milliner," which Mr. Frederic A. Stanley has been preparing for the Avenue. The postponement is, Mr. Stanley informs me, due to two reasons: one is that the thorough re-decoration which the theatre is undergoing will not be completed in time; the other is, a certain important change has had to be made in the cast. In this adaptation of the French play, "Coralie et Cie," several necessary alterations have been made.



THE HON. MRS. FITZGERALD.



LADY CAREW.



LADY WILLSHIRE.

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

They are much attached one to the other, and generally go everywhere together. Lady Carew, who is very musical, is a true artist with her needle. Her embroideries are deservedly famous. She has often been asked to exhibit specimens of her work, and quite recently she has been engaged on four large panels which were designed to embellish the walls of her London drawing-room. Lord Carew, who

Mr. Stanley's very strong cast includes such clever artistes as that fine comedian and character-actor Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Robb Harwood, and Miss Kate Phillips, who plays the name-part. Mr. Meredith Ball is the Musical Conductor. "The Little French Milliner" will be preceded by "The Wicked Uncle," a strong playlet by Mr. Fred Wright junior.



*The Sovereign in British Waters.* As foreshadowed in *The Sketch* some time ago, the King has decided to give up his holiday on the Riviera, and, to the great gratification of many sea-side towns which rarely bask in the smiles of Royalty, His Majesty has now decided to take a yachting cruise in British waters. Probably few people realise how devoted are both their Majesties to the sea; even as a little child, King Edward's favourite tune was the inspiring air "Britannia Rules the Waves," and he never feels more thoroughly at ease than when pacing the deck of a well-seasoned craft, be it yacht or man-o'-war. The last long cruise made by the Sovereign was after his unpleasant accident at Waddesdon, where he missed his footing and sustained a fracture of the left knee. That summer, during his convalescence, the then Prince of Wales made quite a long cruise in the Channel, the programme including visits to Plymouth and Torquay.

*A Royal Coronation Honour?*

The rumour that the King will promote the Duke of Connaught to the rank of Field-Marshal on the occasion of the Coronation is very probably a true one. His Royal Highness has always taken his profession particularly seriously, and it is well known how bitter was his disappointment at not being allowed to accompany his brother officers to "the Front" on the outbreak of the South African War. How wise was the decision of the then Sovereign and her Ministers has since been conclusively proved by the course of the campaign. It has always been an axiom, and a very wise one, that Royalty should, as far as practicable, keep quite clear of possible political complications; this is particularly true during the course of a great war. The Duke of Connaught has, however, been under fire. He led the Brigade of Guards into action at Tel-el-Kebir, and there is no doubt that in due course he will become Commander-in-Chief. When this day comes, it will be found that His Royal Highness is no mere figure-head,



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN.

Photograph by Gregory, Strand.

but that he has very clear and definite ideas as to how the great Army reforms are to be carried out.

*Lord Methuen at Home.*

Corsham Court, Lord Methuen's ancestral home, is one of the finest old manor-houses in the kingdom, and, according to local tradition, the mansion, which is of imposing dimensions, is built on the site of what was once the Palace of the Kings of Wessex. Lord and Lady Methuen are much beloved in the neighbourhood, and when there the gallant soldier is seen at his best; unfortunately, he rarely finds time for a really long country holiday, and this in spite of the fact that he is devoted to every kind of country sport. When staying at Corsham Court, the General often has his horse saddled quite late at night, for he finds that a long midnight ride across the beautiful country which surrounds Chippenham is the best possible cure for insomnia. When Lord Methuen returns home, he will, no doubt, receive a splendid ovation from his friends and neighbours.

*"La Damnation de Faust."*

The musical event of the month is undoubtedly the production of "La Damnation de Faust" (Berlioz) at Monte Carlo, with M. Jean de Reszke, Madame Melba, and M. Renaud, and it is to M. Raoul Gunsbourg, the Director of the Theatre, that the credit is due of having effectually proved that this masterpiece was no more intended for the concert-room than either "Parsifal" or "Tristan," but was conceived as an opera, as is shown most forcibly in the letters of Berlioz to his son, in which the composer writes that he resigns himself to having it done in concerts only because "it offers me at least the opportunity of hearing my work." The French papers are loud in their praises of the interpreters of the work. M. Jean de Reszke had already appeared in the rôle of Faust, but it was Madame Melba's first appearance as the ill-fated heroine of Berlioz, and one hears that her poetic treatment of the part is superb.



CORSHAM COURT, THE HOME OF LORD METHUEN, WHITHER THE WOUNDED GENERAL WILL PROCEED IMMEDIATELY ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Photograph by Singer, Chippenham.



*Miss Christine Lawrence.*

Miss Christine Lawrence, the charming young actress whose photograph I reproduce herewith, began her theatrical career under the auspices of Mr. Henry Dundas, with whom she played in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." Later, she joined Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, playing very successfully, among other parts, Cecily Gosling in "Kenilworth."



MISS CHRISTINE LAWRENCE,  
NOW PLAYING MRS. PERRY IN "ARE YOU A MASON?"  
ON TOUR.

Photograph by Bissano, Old Bond Street, W.

Subsequently, Miss Lawrence, after appearing under the management of Mr. E. G. Saunders in his production of "The Drum-Major," fulfilled a six months' engagement with Mr. George Edwardes, and has recently been seen in "Kitty Grey," at the Apollo Theatre. Miss Lawrence's ambitions, however, have always lain in the direction of comedy, and in the part of Mrs. Perry, in "Are You a Mason?"—which she is now playing in Messrs. George Edwardes and Charles Frohman's Southern Company—her very charming personality is seen to great advantage.

An anonymous friend of the Headmaster of Lancing College (Mr. B. H. Tower, M.A.) has given him £10,000,

to be spent in preparing the Chapel for divine worship. At present, the Crypt Chapel only is used, but it is hoped that next year may see the Great Chapel—perhaps the finest ecclesiastical structure built in England since the Reformation—in full use. Large as it is, this sum will by no means suffice to complete the building, but it will, no doubt, allow for all that is necessary to enable divine service to be held.

*Parliament Till Easter.*

The House of Commons feels entitled to its Easter holiday after a long spell of sittings. It met about a month earlier than usual, and has lately shown signs of exhaustion. "The Man in the Street" may not be impressed by its work, but the Parliamentarian will tell him that the House has provided for the Army and Navy, it has considered a new Army scheme, it has ventilated grievances and discussed Bills (few of which will be passed this Session), and it has made some progress in framing new rules for its own procedure. The House has decided to meet at two o'clock instead of three, and to have a long week-end instead of a half-holiday in the middle of the week, but the new arrangements will not begin till the other rules are passed. These will occupy a large portion of the time between Easter and Whitsuntide.

*Parties in the House.*

The Unionists have kept well together under the leadership of Mr. Balfour and the inspiration of Mr. Chamberlain. The trial of strength on the question of War Contracts gave the Government more than their Party majority, so that for the place-holder this seems the best of all possible Houses. There is no inclination on the part of Unionists to destroy the Cecil-Chamberlain régime in order to try Lord Rosebery's efficiency. The split among the Liberals has been the most sensational event of the Session, but, although the Imperialists have founded a new League, Mr. Asquith has not parted company with "C.-B." at St. Stephen's. Men so much at variance as Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Grey continue to sit on the same bench with "C.-B." as the centre man.

*Aristocrats in Debate.*

Instead of the usual talkers, several men with blue blood introduced freshness to the debate on Contracts in the House of Commons. On one night the speakers included a Compton, a Lambton, a Leveson-Gower, and Balcarres. Lord Alwyne Compton tried to flout "C.-B." and the Irish, but he did not persist to such an extent as Lord Durham's brother, who goaded the Leader of the Opposition into almost inarticulate anger. Liberals were furious when Mr. Lambton said that their Leader had tried to deprive mourners of the consolation of thinking that soldiers killed in the War had died for their country. Mr. Leveson-Gower, who represents his relative's county of Sutherland, made a modest speech. Lord Balcarres, one of the best-looking men in the House, was ornate in language and dramatic in delivery. As he takes life seriously, he may soon sit on the Treasury Bench.

*The Prince of Wales's Stamp-Collection.*

Mr. F. J. Melville, President of the Junior London Philatelic Society, estimates the value of the Prince of Wales's stamp-collection at about £36,000. The Prince has been a philatelist since his midshipman days, and his collection is a specialised one of the stamps of the British Colonies, largely added to during his recent tour.

*A Fair Critic of Modern Manners.*

Lady Grove, whose article on the manners of the middle classes, published in one of the great monthlies, has aroused quite a storm in a tea-cup, belongs to a remarkable family. She is one of the many good-looking children of the late General Pitt-Rivers, and her mother is a sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley, of Lady Carlisle, and of the Dowager Lady Airlie. Lady Grove takes a keen interest in all the social movements of the day. She was one of the first women in Society who patronised that now venerable institution, the feminine Club-house. She writes, as do so many amateurs, with a great deal of originality and force, and it is to be hoped that she will not allow her critical faculty to lie as long dormant as she has hitherto done, for her articles always enliven the serious periodicals to which they are at intervals contributed.

*The Painter of the Coronation Scene.*

Mr. Edwin Austin Abbey, the American artist, who has now been naturalised amongst us and was commissioned last year by the King to paint the scene of his Coronation, resides at Morgan Hall, Fairford, Gloucestershire. He was born at Philadelphia in 1852, educated at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and joined the staff of Harper Brothers, the publishers, in 1871, by whom he was sent to England in 1878. His first Academy picture, "A May Day Morning," was exhibited in 1890, and in the same year he married Mary Gertrude, daughter of Frederick Mead, of New York. He is known, also, for his dainty and delightful illustrations to some of the works of Herrick, Goldsmith, and Shakspeare.

The Saturday Popular Concert of March 22 was the last of the present season. The programme opened with Dvorák's Quartet in G Major, Op. 106; followed by three songs of Brahms, and the Sonata for pianoforte of Mozart in D Major, Op. 21. Next came Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" for violin, and songs by Maude Valerie White and Sir Arthur Sullivan. A violoncello-solo and Schumann's Quintet, Op. 44, for pianoforte and strings, concluded the concert. The executants were Herr Ondricek, MM. Haydn Inwards, Alfred Gibson, Paul Ludwig, and Mr. Leonard Borwick, pianist. Mr. Kennerley Rumford was the vocalist, and the accompanist Mr. Henry Bird.



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER IN HER FENCING-COSTUME.

Photograph by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.



### *The Blackmore Memorial.*

In Exeter Cathedral there will shortly be erected a memorial to the late R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone." Five hundred pounds has been collected in this country, and besides this amount there will be a contribution from America. In accordance with the wishes of the novelist's family, the work will be executed by Mr. Harry Hems, a sculptor of Exeter, who knew Blackmore personally. The Doones, who really existed, haunted the northern portion of Exmoor that lies between Lynmouth and Porlock, partly in Devon, partly in Somerset. Traces of the huts inhabited by these terrible robbers still remain, and the water-slide that gave entrance to the valley may easily be found. It was at Oare Church that Carver Doone appeared and interrupted the marriage of Lorna and John Ridd with a pistol-shot. In the churchyard is the supposed grave of the hero.

### *Prince Adalbert's Arrival.*

Joy has reigned in the hearts of the Royal Family at Potsdam (writes my Berlin Correspondent). The "Sailor-Prince Number Two" has just returned to his family's bosom, and great are the rejoicings. Prince Adalbert is looking in the very pink of health after all his sea-voyaging, and had much to relate to all his relations. Poor little Princess Victoria Louisa, however, was very sad at being prevented in the eleventh hour from going to Kiel to be present at the return of her brother. Just before the day for her departure had arrived, the medical attendant forbade her to leave home on account of a nasty though by no means dangerous cold and swollen glands. He said, perfectly wisely, that the draughts on the quays and on board the vessel would be quite likely to render serious what is nothing but a disagreeable chill. The little Princess, therefore, had to submit to the inevitable, and was comforted as far as might be with new toys and other delights. It really is



OARE CHURCH, THE SCENE OF LORNA DOONE'S MARRIAGE TO JOHN RIDD.

not often get the chance of such excellent and simple fare. I enjoyed your 'Bockwurst' and 'Weisse' extremely." The customer was the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

### *Easter Preparations.*

The German "Conditoreis," or pastry-cook shops, are already preparing for Easter and vying with the stationers' shops in setting forth wondrous Easter mementoes. Curiously enough, the one emblem of Eastertide here in Germany is the hare. I have repeatedly inquired among Germans the reason for the selection of this above all animals to memorialise the Easter season, but have hitherto failed to elicit any satisfactory solution. The confectioners are parading in their windows hares in every possible and impossible attitude—hares wheeling chocolate perambulators, hares sitting on eggs, hares chirruping in birds'-nests—hares doing, in fact, everything that one would expect a "mad March hare" to do. Perhaps there is, after all, some connection between the March hare and Eastertide. The pictorial post-cards show likewise every imaginable variety of silly, idiotic "Hasen." A very amusing one that attracted my attention was that showing a surprised-looking black hen sitting on some eggs which had each brought forth a little, wicked-eyed leveret.

### *The British Embassy.*

There have been several large functions of late at the British Embassy. The last one took place on Tuesday, in the evening, when Sir Frank Lascelles invited and entertained, together with his daughter, Miss Florence Lascelles, a large gathering of English and German residents.

### *A Concert Tour.*

In a recent number, I published photos of that charming vocalist, Miss Edith Grey-Burnand, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who



THE APPROACH TO THE DOONE VALLEY.



THE WATER-SLIDE BY WHICH JOHN RIDD ENTERED THE DOONE VALLEY.

GLIMPSES OF THE "LORNA DOONE" COUNTRY.

quite astonishing what fables are made up from time to time about the Kaiserin's intentions. It was rumoured only a few days ago that it was the intention of Her Majesty to go to the South of Italy for the benefit of her health. This, I am in a position to state, is absolutely without foundation. I am glad to be able, also, to affirm quite positively that Her Majesty's present state of health is the very best—I might almost say, robust.

### *The Grand Duchess's Lunch.*

The following amusing story is going the rounds in Berlin. A lady entered one of the hairdressers' shops in the Unter den Linden to buy one or two toilet necessities. While making her purchases, she happened to mention that she was horribly hungry. The polite shopman immediately volunteered to fetch his fair customer some refreshment from a neighbouring restaurant. The lunch arrived very promptly, and consisted of a simple sausage and a glass of white beer. The lady was overjoyed at the sight, and promptly began to eat it with the greatest relish. Just before she had finished her light and simple repast, a liveried footman appeared on the scene and said, with many bows, "Your Royal Highness, the carriage is at the door." The shop-assistant was absolutely dumfounded, and began to pour forth a stream of profuse apologies for giving Her Royal Highness such humble fare. "Please do not apologise," was the answer. "I do

were about to make a Spring Tour with their own Concert Party, and stated that Mr. da Costa would be the conductor. I find, however, that, although in the first instance Mr. da Costa was to have filled this post, other arrangements were subsequently made, and Mr. Reginald Clarke was engaged as accompanist for the entire Tour. My apologies to Mr. Clarke for an unintentional error and best wishes for the Concert Party's success.

### *An American "Grande Dame."*

"Not known to Mrs. Mackay," once observed a gallant cosmopolitan Count, "is to argue oneself unknown." Few American women have taken a greater place in the really exclusive London world than has this untitled *grande dame*, hampered rather than assisted by her immense wealth, for her charm appeals essentially not to those who delight in the *nouveau riche* and his ways, but to the cultured and intelligent minority who love good music, real art, and social intercourse as it was understood in the days of the *salons*. Mrs. Mackay has the finest house in Carlton House Terrace, and there are those who will tell you of the splendour of the marble staircase and of the intrinsic value of the works of art with which the walls are hung, but it is as a social centre that the fine old mansion is really famed. Mrs. Mackay was a musical enthusiast before music became the fashion, and many a struggling young musician has owed future fame to her kind patronage.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*A New Feminine Industry.*

M. Stemla, who has designed so many magnificent robes for Réjane and Granier, has just shown me his latest artistic conceit (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It consists of sewing by hand on to parchment notepaper imitations of the most beautiful flowers. I saw bunches of violets that were exquisite, and some chrysanthemums were masterpieces. Naturally, every sheet is unique and only a luxury for the rich; but it opens up a new industry for delicate-fingered gentlewomen, and he has hopes that in Coronation souvenir letters it may prevail.

*A Hard-working Hen.*

There is a hen at Gandersheim, in Germany, that has rendered every French peasant mad, and, if things do not settle down, there will be international complications. That hen laid a thousand eggs in six years, and the town was decorated, the Fire Brigade turned out, and there was a popular banquet in the evening. The French breeders, who are very jealous of their birds, say that they will produce hens with two thousand eggs to their credit, and will reply to the proud boast of their German rivals with a firework display. Keep it up!

*Police Strike the Blow.*

The Bois is struggling to get into its spring garb. The timid crocus is out, and there is a rich odour of budding foliage and refreshed soil in the air. A drive round the Lake and then on to the Cascade is a Nature-loving man's holiday. But the automobiles, charging and swinging in all directions! The violent death of M. Quellien, the brilliant journalist and former secretary of Renan, has induced M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, to take a decision that will make the murderous "scorchers" think twice. Directly a *chauffeur* is responsible for an accident, he withdraws his licence and seizes the automobile, which is warehoused in the Police *fourrière*. This drastic measure will once more make the Bois possible, and it may be hoped that M. Hugues le Roux, the well-known journalist, will not have to put into execution his threat to fire point-blank at any rash automobilist who puts his life in danger.

*The King's Visit.*

*The Sketch* was the first journal to positively deny that the King would visit Paris. My informant could have made no mistake in the matter. But when the final decision was announced, it was received with a great relief by the English Colony. It is not the men of culture and whose opinion represents that of thinking Paris that form a crowd. The out-of-works, the paid demonstrators, the scum of Belleville are swept on to the boulevards, and a strange and unjust impression of the feeling of France towards England would have inevitably occurred. Indeed, it was notorious that a hostile demonstration was being prepared.

*Generous-hearted Réjane.*

In "La Passerelle," which has happily passed its fiftieth performance, Réjane incarnates the character of the higher-class working-girl. To celebrate the happy success, she invited the girls from the telephone bureaux, the sempstresses in the big magasins, and the saleswomen, and never had she so enthusiastic an audience. But she cried when she saw how many applications had to be refused. The great-hearted woman rose to the occasion, and, with a sweep of the hand that no man dare defy at the Vaudeville, she ordered that free entries should be sent to the disappointed ones.

*Two Dead Hearts.*

Catulle Mendès says that his heart is dead; Sarah Bernhardt replies that hers was, but that she is recovering. In stage history there has been no more extraordinary and useless muddle. The author and the actress were friends of years, and Mendès made the great sacrifice of withdrawing his play, "Sainte Thérèse," from the Comédie-Française to oblige Sarah. As I am informed, Mendès was not aware of the London Season of Sarah, which shows that there are critics who do not read their own paper;

and the Novelli Italian Season also came to him in the light of a novelty, although it was common knowledge for months past. Mendès asked to be allowed to fix a minimum receipt, and exact that Sarah should play the piece until it fell beneath this figure, Sarah to throw over London and Novelli if business were good. Sarah refused, and Mendès put in the ultra-dramatic touch of taking away the manuscript by authority. And it was all so simple. If Mendès had simply said, "Then let it stand over till the autumn," Sarah would have contented herself with a few revivals, and, not improbably, a little rest at Belle-Isle. Still, their hearts are dead; although, when I saluted Mendès at the Nouveau Theatre the other night, I noticed that this malady entails no outward or visible sign.

*The Priest and the Play.*

The most-talked-of event in Paris is the Abbé Jouin's "La Passion," at the Nouveau Theatre. The young priest of St. Augustin has treated his subject, as may be imagined, with exquisite taste. One was prepared for that after his beautiful "Nativity" of some years ago. But

the stern and formal determination of the Archbishop of Paris not to allow any priest to visit the theatre in no way surprises me, notwithstanding the howl there is in the Press about the question of "intolerance." I certainly cannot be accused of Pecksniffian principles, but I contend that the Nouveau Theatre is no place for a Passion Play. It is part and parcel of the Casino Music-hall, and only separated by swing-doors and curtains. The airy music of a ballet is not a fitting accompaniment for the great Human Drama. It is not improbable that the Abbé Jouin may join the ranks of the playwrights and resign his present position at Saint Augustin.

*Mdlle. Yahne.*

It is welcome news to hear that the beautiful Mdlle. Yahne returns forthwith to the Odéon. It seems impossible, when you see the fresh, girlish face, that it is as far back as 1884 when she made her début at the Odéon. She has never known anything but triumph on the stage, and the Comédie-Française awaits the day when she will enter its sacred portals.

*The Gavarni Festival.*

Gavarni, the caricaturist, is to be fêted at the end of the month, and every modern French black-and-white artist of repute will contribute designs for the costumes in the cortège at the Moulin Rouge. I am afraid that the Committee are

ill-advised in its organisation. A guinea for admission is sufficient, but, when it is exacted that everyone must wear the clothes of the 1820 epoch, it renders one pensive over a display that only begins at one in the morning. But Gavarni is to France what Leech is to England, and his is a name to conjure with.

*De Morny.*

The de Mornys have always been in hot water, and have always come out smiling, and I suppose that will be the case of the Comte de Morny, who has voluntarily constituted himself prisoner over some company-promoting eccentricity. The old Duke, who played a magisterial hand in the Coup d'Etat of 1851, was immediately bombarded with telegrams from La Comtesse de Lehon—"Restituez, coquin," referring to money that she alleged she had lent him. The Emperor, however, settled the worries of his right-hand man with a cheque for two million francs.

The present Duke had his name very prominently before the public owing to the suicide of Mdlle. Feyghine, of the Comédie-Française. She was a Russian, but influence enabled her to enter the House. She was madly in love with the Duke, and destroyed herself in despair. The present Comte, who is for the moment in trouble, enjoys a very high reputation in commercial circles, and, if he were in doubt as to the value of a company with which he had associated his name, would cross half the world to investigate. Few families are more popular in Parisian artistic society.



MDLLE. YAHNE, NOW PLAYING AT THE ODÉON.

Photograph by Keutlinger, Paris.

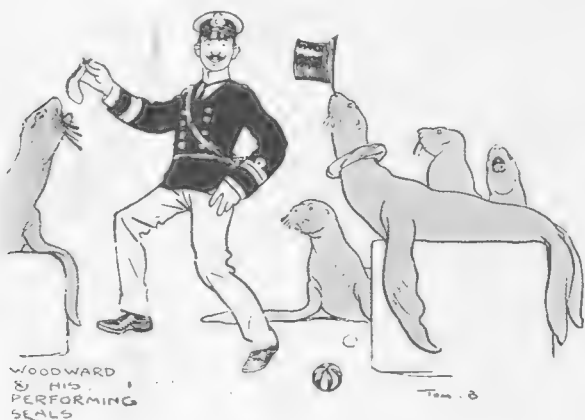




### I GAPE—AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

WHENEVER I hear a man speak of anything as impossible, my dear Dollie, I take him by the scruff of the neck (if he is a small man), or by the elbow (if he is a large man), and push or lead him, as the case may be, into the London Hippodrome. For nowhere have I seen so many laws of Nature set at defiance as in this wonderful Theatre-Circus-Music-hall. Nimble giants and musical pignies, second-sighted horses and purring lions, dancing sea-serpents and armless conjurers—the entertainment is a veritable kaleidoscope of impossibilities achieved.

Take, for example, Mr. Robert Cottrell and the lady who appears with him in his "most marvellous and extraordinary equestrian act." With what an air they gallop around the arena on their magnificent chargers! How gracefully they turn back-somersaults from the horses to the ground, and how lightly they leap from the ground on



to their steeds again! I have seen an elephant befooled with the end of an umbrella, I have seen a lion made fun of by a lady in evening-dress, but I never before saw that noble animal, the Horse, treated with such familiarity as by Mr. Robert Cottrell and the nimble lady who shares his saddle.

Then there is Mendel, the Blind Pianist. All that Mr. Mendel asks you to do is to play him over once some little thing of your own composition. I didn't oblige him myself, partly because I was too shy to appear in the ring, but still more for the reason that my friends threatened to leave the building if I so disgraced them. However, somebody else took my place and played a pretty little air that Mr. Mendel could not have heard before. Not that he showed it, mind you. Dear me, to hear him play it off immediately afterwards, with variations and permutations and all the other things, you would have supposed that he had spent the long years of his childhood in fingering the piece out on the school-room piano. After such a marvellous performance, I was more than ever determined to stick to the Jew's-harp.

Mendel retired, we had Mr. Woodward and his performing seals. Mr. Woodward is by way of being a humorist, and the seals have quite a lot of fun in them, too. The consequence is that the "turn" goes with a roar from start to finish. I must congratulate the gallant Captain on the clever way in which he has adapted the natural habits of the animals to the purposes of the stage. He has discovered, for example, that a seal likes to balance things on the end of its nose. I have tried to balance things on the end of my own nose, and I have always found myself handicapped by not being able to get about quickly enough. To catch up and get underneath a falling billiard-cue, for instance, one would need to run at the rate of

some two hundred miles an hour. Even then, unless you were very lucky, you would probably trip over something and hurt yourself severely. Well, a seal has to contend with no difficulties of this kind. Being all neck, so to speak, he need merely lie still on the lower part of himself and balance anything whatever, from a top-hat to a pair of step-ladders.

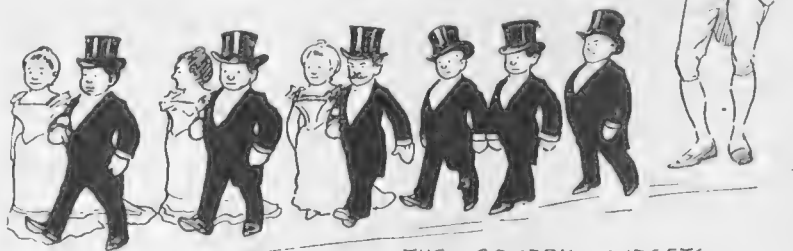
Mr. Paul Sandor, wise man, has two strings to his professional bow. He is the proprietor of a burlesque circus and a ventriloquist. As a matter of fact, I don't think he has cultivated his ventriloquial powers to any great extent; at any rate, they are not necessary in this Act. The burlesque circus is the thing, especially when one of the prancing horses loses his tail and stands revealed as a common or backyard dog. I have seen the burlesque circus twice, and each time one of the horses has given the show away like this. If I were not a very simple old thing, I should be inclined to think that that tail knew its business.



Soon after Mr. Paul Sandor, we had the Colibris Midgets, the most self-composed family—I supposed they are all nearly related—in the world. I cannot imagine any more convincing display of perfect equanimity than is given by these diminutive dignities. I am sure no one would ever dare to flirt with the ladies, whilst it is perfectly evident that the Manager of the troupe rules his colossal attendant with a refrigerating amount of hauteur. I should like to see these little people hectoring a supercilious waiter in a crowded restaurant, or gravely rebuking an indifferent Post-Office girl who had neglected to push their change far enough across the counter.

The great thrill of the evening, however, is kindly provided by Mr. Eddie Gifford, described upon the programme as "the world's most daring cyclist." I should imagine the description to be perfectly accurate. Mr. Gifford, I must tell you, has one leg instead of two, the usual number. Despite this handicap, however, he begins his performance by lightly running through all the usual bicycle-tricks, such as sitting on your head and pedalling with your hands, climbing through the frame-work of the machine whilst in motion, balancing yourself on your ears, pushing the wheels round with your eyelashes, and so forth. These he does in an easy, slightly contemptuous manner, and concludes the first part of his performance by riding at full speed across the arena and dashing up a flight of stairs on his bicycle. When I was at school, I remember, I used to ride down a flight of steps on an old velocipede, but it never occurred to me, somehow, to ride up them. And now, I am afraid, it never will.

The last thing that Eddie accomplishes is to climb up to the roof of the Hippodrome and ride along a little platform near the ceiling. Before he does it, they fill the arena with several feet of water. This is just as well, because, when Mr. Gifford gets to the end of the platform near the roof, there is no rail to protect him from falling, and so he just rides off. If there were no water there, he might get a nasty jar. I saw several people go out before this "turn." I didn't go out myself, but, at the most exciting moment, I gave the man sitting



next to me rather a sharp clutch on the fleshy part of the thigh. Unfortunately, he was sitting with his mouth open at the time, and I believe the sudden shock caused him to bite his tongue. However, I managed to make my peace with him when he left the building, and this reminds me of the most wonderful thing about the Hippodrome—that it still lacks a drink-licence and yet gets filled to overflowing twice daily.

Chicot





MISS EDNA MAY,  
SHORTLY TO APPEAR IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS," A NEW MUSICAL PLAY, AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.  
*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



## THE PUCKERIDGE FOXHOUNDS.

THESE illustrations present a very old and interesting pack of foxhounds that hunts some delightful but difficult country not far from town. Bounded on the east and south-east by the country of the Essex Hunt, for which that noted sportsman, Mr. C. E. Green, of Theydon Grove, has done so much, it meets the Hertfordshire country on the opposite border, and to the north stretches to the Thurlow and Cambridgeshire districts. There is a big pack, some sixty-odd couples, and, weather permitting, members get four days' sport in the week. This part of the country is so well hunted that the enthusiasts whose stables are equipped sufficiently can hunt every week if they are so disposed, and can vary their sport by following the deer with the Essex Staghounds, which are out two days in the week over neighbouring country. The Puckeridge area has been hunted for a period approaching two hundred years, the records going back to the early years of the eighteenth century, when the hounds were kennelled at Cheshunt instead of Braughing, where they are now. The country has been known as the Puckeridge for a little more than a century, and, excepting a break between the years 1885 and 1894, when two packs were employed and the country divided, there have been no more than seven Masters. In a similar period the Quorn has had more than a score of Masters, the Pytchley about two dozen, and the Cottesmore about twelve. Mr. Sampson Hanbury held the Mastership of the Puckeridge for over thirty years, Mr. Nicholas Parry for no less than thirty-seven, Mr. Gosling for fifteen. Foxes are very plentiful, and there is ample ground for sport, as the Puckeridge territory extends about twenty-two miles from north to south, and the same distance from east to west.

Hadham Cross is the scene of the photographs reproduced here. The "Arrival at the Meet" shows the huntsman getting information that will doubtless be valuable, for the precise locality of foxes is often known to farm-hands, and this saves a deal of time. The men who are at work on the land are the only people who really know if the fox-covers have been disturbed. Farmers may do their best, and landlords may rely upon them, but there are very many reasons why their unaided efforts should fail. In shooting country this is particularly the case. Foxes are disturbed by the noise of guns and by the work of dogs; they will also avoid the place where spent cartridges lie about on the ground. The smell of the powder makes them suspicious. A poacher's lurcher on his evening scamper will also serve to send foxes from their accustomed haunts. Now, Hodge will never confess to Master or huntsman that he has seen foxes disturbed, but he can be led to remark that, unless he is quite mistaken, there are no foxes to be found in such-and-such a cover, and a word to the wise should suffice. Round farmyards where the poultry are not securely fastened, a fox may often be found in a hole in a hedge, where he has been living in complete amity with the rabbits, leaving the thick cover that is maintained at the expense of the Hunt severely alone. It is a common mistake to believe that fox and rabbit will not lie together in peace unless the rabbit lies inside the fox. Young cubs and rabbits may often be seen at play in the season when the fox-hunter has finished his labour, and when a fox can get duck he will not look at rabbit.

The Master of the Puckeridge has an annual guarantee of two thousand pounds, and the minimum subscription is ten guineas, a fairly modest one considering the quality of the sport, and comparing very favourably with the forty-pound minimum of the Quorn and twenty-five pound minimum of the Pytchley. At the same time, it

must be remembered that the Puckeridge is not good scenting country and in very dry weather the hounds are in constant trouble. Hunting-men being fairly evenly divided between those who hunt to ride and those who ride to hunt, the poorest day does not altogether fail to give a measure of satisfaction. Though the Puckeridge country lies more in Hertfordshire than in Essex, a very large number of sportsmen from the latter county have always been connected with it. Lord Petre, of Thorndon Hall, near Brentwood, who was Master of the Essex Union for some twelve years between 1822 and 1838, left it between 1832 and 1835 to act as Master to the Puckeridge, and several members of the

Petre family have been associated with the Essex Staghounds, which may be hunted from the same headquarters as the Puckeridge. Many sportsmen living in West Essex seem to regard the pack as an Essex one, though a glance at the map would at once reveal their error.

As may be readily believed, the question of compensation is a serious one for a Hunt that works over so much ground. We like to believe that vulpicide is an unknown offence south of the Tweed, but it is certain that foxes do not thrive where the farmers' poultry-runs are constantly raided and demands for adequate compensation meet with an unsatisfactory response. Some farmers have notions altogether extravagant about the value of poultry that has been killed by a fox; but, as a rule, I have found that the farmer who

cares for sport in any form deals fairly with the Hunt. He does not seek to pile on his claims, but accepts a reasonable compensation. In the case of the Puckeridge, claims are considered by a Committee of farmers, who are able to keep the balance of justice fairly even.

It must be confessed that half the unpopularity of hunting with farmers who do not hunt arises from the wanton destruction to crops committed by the Cockney—the cad on horseback who has come out to keep as near to the hounds as he can and ignores at once the wishes of the Master and the interests of farmers and agriculture. The Hunts near big towns are particularly susceptible to the influence of the hunting cad, and, where very big fields are the rule, great damage is done.

## "THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S."

With the production of "The Girl from Maxim's," which Messrs. Charles Wyndham and Charles Frohman produced last Thursday, the Criterion reverts to the style of play which occupied its boards in its early days—the comedy of doors and *double ententes*. "The Girl from Maxim's" is an American-made adaptation of "La Dame de chez Maxim," written by Georges Feydeau and produced at the Paris Nouveautés about three years ago. It was then found to be very audacious even for that Gay City. For the English and American market, the piece has, of course, been much toned down, especially as regards the name-part, who in the original is a notorious Moulin Rouge dancing-girl, whom a very dissipated young man finds, the morning after a very wild evening, he has brought home to his lodgings, where she is seen to be fast asleep and quite at home. All this business, together with a certain very *risqué* episode towards the end, has been omitted. Indeed, I think those who see "The Girl from Maxim's" will think, whatever else they think of it, that the adapter—who is nameless, like all Mr. Frohman's adapters of French and German farces—has shown much skill in the task of toning down. Messrs. Wyndham and Frohman have selected an excellent Company, including Mr. Herbert Standing as a fiery General, Mr. E. W. Garden as a comic Doctor, Mr. E. M. Robson as a droll Duke, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar in the name-part.



THE PUCKERIDGE FOXHOUNDS: ARRIVAL AT THE MEET.



THE PUCKERIDGE FOXHOUNDS: A MEET AT HADHAM CROSS.



THE PUCKERIDGE FOXHOUNDS: THE PACK.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*The 'Varsity Boat-race as a Failure—Races I Have Never Seen—Pulmonary Complaints and How to Catch Them—"Pleasure"-Boats—The Thames on a Business Footing—Ten Strokes a Minute—Apology for the Boat-race and a Moral.*

IT may be the grossest Rudyardism to hint that the 'Varsity Boat-race is less absorbing to the spectators than it undoubtedly is to the eights themselves, but my own experiences of it have been uniformly unfortunate. The first I attended was obscured by a thick fog, and we were perfectly oblivious of the passing of the boats themselves, though deluded into enthusiastically cheering a stray launch and the police-boat. I witnessed another near Barnes Bridge, from the water's edge, or rather, inside the water's edge, for the tide was full and each passing steamboat made the Thames overflow its banks and submerged our feet up to the Plimsoll mark.

The rain poured down in generous streams all day, and the temperature seemed to be some thirty or forty below zero. To arrive took an hour and a-half in 'buses and a mile's hard walking, though the boats were visible for only three-quarters of a minute; yet I fought under the incipient rheumatism and bronchitis surging in me and shouted, "Push her on!" "Put your backs into it!" and similar words of expert advice notoriously of such assistance to an exhausted crew five hundred yards away.

I seem to have a damping effect upon the race. On a subsequent occasion, the scene was changed, for obvious reasons, and I put to sea (or rather, to river) in a four-oared skiff, but infringing some minute sub-section of one of the four or five hundred by-laws of the Thames Conservancy, and was warned off the course just as the crisis in a splendid race was taking place. The Conservancy appears to look on itself purely as a Water Board, and the river as a tank for the supply of drinking and washing fluid to the Metropolis, while the pleasure-boatman is a dangerous suspect and trespasser to be called upon at any moment to give pretexts (if any) for his existence.

No doubt, my knowledge of rowing is elementary. I can push a boat through the water in a more or less forward direction; but I bucket a good deal, am slow over my stretcher, my feathering is high (and moist: it generally soaks the ladies in the stern-sheets), I am "slow in my recovery" after a crab, but my leg-work is immense and constantly sends the stretcher overboard. My hands are unequal; but is it likely that if one side of the boat goes on the other will stay behind? My favourite thwart is at bow, for there one can consume cigarettes and other refreshments, when fatigued, unobserved by the rest of the crew. But I prefer sculling—down-stream, before a fair wind and with a companionable coxswain, preferably of the feminine

persuasion—and can force the pace to nearly ten strokes a minute, if hurrying home to dinner.

I make it a rule, in my passage through this vale of tears; to cultivate the acquaintance of one person living within view of the Boat-race course, one within a Sabbath Day's journey of Lord's, one householder commanding the position at Henley, two (2) overlooking Jubilee and Coronation routes, one owner (rich) of a large estate near Ascot, one Peeress (for use in the House of Lords), and an official connected with the Abbey, in case of a smart wedding of any lady I may be interested in. Just about the time of year when any of these are about to become useful to me, I call upon them, dine with them, and go to their parties, and do them other little, unobtrusive acts of kindness, and my courtesy is generally rewarded with an invite.

To the foreigner it is . . . incomprehensible why sixteen young men should row themselves into a fever and possibly damage themselves for life in an effort to hasten to a certain point up the Thames, when it can be done for a shilling or so in a comfortable steamer, fitted with refreshment- and smoking-saloons. But is not the chief charm of rowing the feeling that one is doing nobody any good and exerting oneself immensely for a perfectly useless object? And is not the race an answer to the accusation that lazily looking-on at games is the national British sport? The enjoyment is momentary and hardly allows us to distinguish the faces of the crews; the time of year is chilly, the distance uncomfortably great; all the information we gather would be furnished far better by the evening papers.

It is simply, my brethren, that the Englishman will always be attracted by the exhibition of skill and pluck pushed to their extreme limits. And he knows that the second boat will come in second only because it cannot be first; there will be no "pulling" (except in the aquatic sense), or "doping": the oarsman has no more commercial object in view than the permanent possession of his oar (containing some half-crown's worth of wood); and no unknown crew will be trained in *camera* somewhere in the country and sprung upon the bookmakers at the last moment.

HILL ROWAN.



LADY VIOLET BRASSEY, A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

## LADY VIOLET BRASSEY.

Lady Violet Brassey is one of the prettiest of the Duke of Richmond's grand-daughters. Her mother, Lord March's first wife, was a daughter of the late Mr. Percy Ricardo, and was a singularly beautiful and attractive woman whose premature death, when Lady Violet was only three years old, was greatly deplored. Lord March's children were brought up almost entirely at their father's pretty place near Goodwood. Lady Violet's marriage to Mr. H. L. Brassey took place when she was just twenty, and had been preceded by that of her elder brother, Lord Settrington, to her future husband's sister, Miss Hilda Brassey.



MRS. MACKAY, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN WOMEN IN LONDON SOCIETY.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

*Photograph by J. Thomson.*





LADY GROVE, A CLEVER WRITER ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

*Photograph by J. Thomson.*

## SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ALDERMEN THAT HAVE EVER SERVED THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE name of Treloar dominates Ludgate Hill. It has dominated Ludgate Hill ever since Sir William was born, for in that year his father started the great carpet-warehouse with which his name is identified. Sir William himself dominates the Corporation of London, for he is a veritable Son of Anak. He stands six-feet-two in his socks; but, were credence to be given to other statements, he could, without taking thought, add a couple of inches to his stature, for he has been represented as six-feet-four and still growing. Physically, that statement is inaccurate. The accuracy of the latter part is, however, unquestionable if it could be made to refer to his popularity, which increases from day to day.

Never was Sir William's height more apparent than on the day he went down to Windsor to be knighted. When he went into the little room, Queen Victoria, sitting on a very low chair, looked up in something like amazement as he entered. After he had had it "on the shoulder" and, having knelt "Mr. Treloar," had risen "Sir William," he retired. A little while after, one of the Lords-in-Waiting went to see him and asked what was his height, adding that the Queen had noticed it. The juxtaposition of the two sentences made it pretty evident that the Lord-in-Waiting was getting information for his Royal mistress.

By the way, the day Sir William went down to Windsor, Lady Treloar, who had been ill with bronchitis, was going down to Bournemouth to recuperate. Somewhere about Basingstoke her transition was made from Mrs. Treloar to Lady Treloar. When she arrived at her destination, there was a telegram awaiting her from her husband: "Operation successfully performed; both doing well"—the "both" being a reference to the late Sir Alfred Bevan, who was Sir William's co-Sheriff that year.

If Sir William is the tallest man in the Corporation, he has the reputation of making the shortest speeches. He is very fond of birds, and he has three or four dozen different sorts in his aviary, among them being an Indian shama, an Indian minah, a Malabar starling, and a roseate cockatoo. The cockatoo resembles his master in that he also speaks well. In another respect the resemblance is equally marked. He listens splendidly—as all good talkers do. Sir William always rehearses his speeches to "Cocky" before he makes them in public, and "Cocky" always laughs in the right places. If anyone knocks at the door, "Cocky" always says, "Come in"; and if anyone moves away from his cage to go out, "Cocky" as politely says, "Good-bye." He has never been known to say "Good-bye" when he ought to say "Come in," or *vice versa*, a fact on which, his acquaintances fancy, Sir William rather prides himself.

Sir William's eloquence is well known. A little while ago, he addressed a meeting at Queen's Hall in aid of the Home for Crippled Children, in which he takes a great deal of interest. He spoke for ten minutes, and his appeal produced £150. Next day, he got a letter from a lady, saying, "You are the very man I have been looking for. My age is thirty-seven. I am prepossessing in appearance. I am the daughter of a clergyman. Will you give me an interview, as I am in need of £250 to start an enterprise?" The lady evidently thought that, as Sir William is able to charm money from the pockets of his hearers, it ought to be easy for them to charm money out of his pockets. The lady is still thinking so.

As Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, Sir William once stated that, as the majority of the butchers, the lawyers, and the newspapers were all in the district he represented, he could claim to be the representative of "Mind and Matter." The Home Secretary humorously thought Sir William, with his enormous physique, could certainly represent matter. His constituents know he can represent their mind. Mr. Ritchie caused Sir William to make an amendment to his original remark, for he subsequently declared that, as Fleet Street,

the Meat Market, and the Temple were in his Ward, he might fairly be said to represent "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil."

That Sir William's name should dominate Ludgate Hill is only fair, seeing that, twenty years ago, when he joined the Corporation, it was in order to get the widening of that thoroughfare completed. It was, no doubt, to mark that completion that he was chosen for Alderman, although he took up the work with no ulterior idea of being elected as a reward.

Shortly after the widening was finished—it cost over £140,000, by the way—a gentleman called on him. He was a bright, genial old gentleman, and he began: "Well, Mr. Treloar"—Sir William had not then been knighted—"I couldn't pass by your door without coming in to thank you for all you have done to get the Hill widened. I am only one of the public, and you don't know me at all, but I want to express my great admiration of your public spirit," and so on and so on, until Sir William was getting uncomfortable with the old gentleman's praise. Then the old gentleman took out a box of pens and asked Sir William to buy it. The price was half-a-crown, and Sir William certainly got off very cheaply, for, after the way the old gentleman had talked, he would have felt in duty bound to make the purchase even if it had been five pounds.

Perhaps the purchase was not so cheap, after all, for the pens were quite worthless.

It is not only in the City, however, that all sorts and conditions of men besiege Sir William, for he is worried quite as much, if not more, at his home. Every day, as regularly as the post comes round, he receives requests of all kinds to subscribe to this charity, to give an annual donation to another, to take the chair at a meeting in aid of a third, to open a bazaar whose object is to raise funds for a fourth, and so on. These requests were numerous enough in the older days, but now they reach an average of about thirty a-week. Why they should come in battalions like this probably Sir William

himself would be the last to hazard an opinion. He was once heard to suggest, with a humorous twinkle of the eye, that the increase seemed directly due to his having received his title. It is, of course, impossible for him to accede to all these demands on his purse or his time, or even to half of them. "If I did," he once said, "I should have to go into a hospital myself where they repair broken-down bank accounts"; while on another occasion he was overheard to say that it was the avalanche of these petitions which had caused him to turn grey. Happily, Sir William is a strong man, and his iron-grey hair and beard are the only evidence of the fact that he is no longer quite so young as he used to be, so full of energy and vitality is he.

That circumstances alter cases, and even opinions, Sir William would be the first to admit, for, though he may hold one view to-day, he may change it to-morrow—or at some subsequent time—and acknowledge the change without hesitation. Most people know that the Aldermen are elected for life, while the members of the Common Council have to offer themselves year by year for the suffrages of the voters. When Sir William was a member of the Common Council, he thought it was the Aldermen who ought to be elected annually and the Common Councilmen who should sit for the term of their natural life. So strongly was he of this opinion that he actually moved a resolution that the existing state of things should be reversed and brought into line with his ideas. The resolution was not carried. All things considered, this was as well, for, when Sir William was elected Alderman, he changed his opinion.

As Sir William dominates it in the City, so his home dominates it in Upper Norwood. It is set high upon a hill, so high that its foundations are on a level with the ball of St. Paul's. The house, it is interesting to recall, was once occupied by Mr. Sims Reeves.



ALDERMAN TRELOAR WITH HIS BOOKS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

V.—SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.



"COME IN, COME IN!"



"I ALWAYS STAND UP TO AN INTERVIEWER."



"THESE ARE MY BIRDS."



"I AM VERY KEEN ON FLOWERS."



"WHERE IS MY CARRIAGE?"



"WILL YOU COME TO THE CITY WITH ME?"



"WANTED ON THE TELEPHONE? RIGHT!"



"TAKE DOWN THIS."



"YES: I'LL PASS THAT!"

Photographs by Foulshem and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MESSRS. McCURE, who have been fortunate enough to secure the sole American and English rights of Miss Stone's account of her captivity, both for serial and volume purposes, have arranged for the publication of a series of six illustrated articles by Miss Stone in one of the leading religious monthlies. These articles will form the basis of Miss Stone's book, which is to be published, I understand, in the autumn.

Mr. John Morley says about his *Life of Gladstone* that he now sees the light at the end of the tunnel.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who is suffering somewhat from the severe strain consequent upon the enormous work in arranging for various foreign editions of his pamphlet on the Boer War, starts very shortly for a holiday on the Continent. Over three hundred thousand copies of the English edition of his pamphlet have already been sold.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a companion story to her recent novel, *"The Making of a Marchioness,"* entitled *"The Methods of Lady Wardlehurst,"* Lady Wardlehurst being, of course, the Emily Fox-Seton of *"The Making of a Marchioness."*

Mr. E. W. Hornung's new novel, which is to be issued immediately, is called *"At Large,"* and in it bushrangers and outlaws play a considerable and, of course, exciting part.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have nearly completed a new romance which is to be called *"The Star-Gazer: A Tale of 1816."*

It is rumoured that, before leaving for South Africa, Lord Wolseley put the finishing touches to his autobiography. He is also at work, it is said, upon a companion volume to his *"Life of Marlborough."* Another veteran who is at work upon his autobiography is Sir Theodore Martin.

A collection of short stories by Joel Chandler Harris (*"Uncle Remus"*) is to be published immediately, under the title of *"The Making of a Statesman, and other Tales of Georgia Life."*

The dramatisation of *"Ben Hur"* has called forth quite a number of cheap editions of the famous story, which are, I understand, having a large sale. It is curious to recall that *"Ben Hur"* is a typical instance of the book which falls still-born from the press but is unexpectedly revived into an enormous vitality. It took more than a year for the general public to discover the popular qualities of the novel, and then in a single day twenty times as many copies were sold as had been disposed of during the entire first year of publication.

Mr. George Allen has already made considerable progress with the new uniform edition of Ruskin's works, and the full prospectus will be issued shortly. The first volumes may be expected this year.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. are preparing a great *History of England from the Conquest to the end of the reign of Queen Victoria*, in twelve volumes, each containing about five hundred pages. The work is to be under the Editorship of the Rev. William Hunt, of Trinity College, Oxford, and Mr. Reginald L. Poole, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is hoped that the first volume will be ready in 1905.

At the Jubilee of Owens College, Manchester, the Victoria University conferred a large number of degrees, some of them particularly interesting to literary men. Among the critics who received degrees, not the least notable was Professor Angellier, of Lille. Professor Angellier is one of the French scholars who have devoted themselves to the study of English literature. His work on Robert Burns is a brilliant performance, quite worthy to rank with Professor Morel's *Life of James Thomson*, and there could hardly be higher praise. Professor A. C. Bradley, now of Oxford, has yet to justify the great reputation he gained as Professor of English Literature at Liverpool and Glasgow, though his *Commentary on "In Memoriam"* is not a book to be passed over. Professor W. P. Ker, of London, is a sound and ripe scholar, and the same may be said of Professor A. S. Napier, of Manchester. Among those who received the honorary degree of "M.A." were some of the literary men of Manchester—Mr. C. W. Sutton, whose contributions to the *"Dictionary of National Biography"* are of special value; Mr. George Milner, President of the Manchester Literary Club, and a delicate and graceful writer both in verse and prose; Mr. Henry Gubby, the Librarian of the John Rylands Library, an admirable bibliographer and organiser, along with several others. The Victoria University fulfils a very useful function in this encouraging those who uphold the banner of culture in our great commercial communities.

O. O.

## BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

THE development of the spring publishing season is progressing favourably; many books of importance have already appeared, and these are to be followed by works which will attract considerable public interest. Among them are several books of travel, such as *"The Real Siberia,"* by J. Foster Fraser, and *"The Uganda Protectorate,"* by Sir Harry Johnston. These are written from personal knowledge and are descriptive of countries in which political developments are likely shortly to be centred.

## BIOGRAPHY

will also have some important additions in *"William Black, Novelist,"* by Sir Wemyss Reid; *"Sir Walter Besant,"* by Dr. S. S. Sprigge; and *"The Life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava,"* by C. S. Black.

## FICTION,

as usual, monopolises the largest number of announcements. Two publishers alone have promised to issue over fifty volumes. Most of our leading novelists will be represented, and a busy season in this department of literature may be expected. The month has been generous in

## POLITICAL HUMOUR,

which, when clever and produced without bitterness, always attracts attention. The spirit which breathes through the two volumes mentioned below leaves nothing to be desired. *"Clara in Blunderland,"* by Caroline Lewis (W. Heinemann), is reported to be by an author not new to political caricature; the book is in almost slavish imitation of *"Alice in Wonderland"* both in the text and also the illustrations. The work throughout is too excellent to make extracts from, so I advise every reader of *The Sketch* to buy himself a copy. Not less interesting and amusing is *"Froissart's Modern Chronicles,"* by F. Carruthers Gould (T. Fisher Unwin). The book tells the political history of the last sixteen years in the spirit and language of the fourteenth century; it is admirably done, the illustrations being most effective and clever. These two books will cause many a laugh both inside and outside Parliament.

*"ELLEN TERRY AND HER SISTERS,"* by T. EDGAR PEMBERTON (C. ARTHUR PEARSON),

is a fascinating work upon a fascinating subject. Anything about the Terry family, especially the one who has brought to it an additional lustre, would naturally attract attention. Another book about actors is

*"LIFE ON THE STAGE,"*

being personal experiences and recollections of Clara Morris (Isbister and Co.). The volume has an eloquent Introduction by Madame Mary Anderson de Navarro. Although Miss Morris has never acted in England, her fame as an actress has reached this country, and, now that the intercourse between American and English actors is so general and so interwoven, a work like the present has a common interest. The book is full of amusing stories and anecdotes, and also tells of the difficulties and trials of a young actress as well as the successes and ultimate triumph of one of the most fascinating personalities of the American stage. The most successful novel of the month is

*"SCARLET AND HYSSOP,"*

by E. F. Benson (W. Heinemann). This must be classed as one of the "Dodo" series, as it is another excursion into the "smart" Society of which Mr. Benson is so able a chronicler. There is much pleasure, as well as philosophy, in the book; its satire is pungent, the characters are well sketched, and it is certainly a book to read. *"Houses of Ignorance,"* by F. Carrel (J. Long), differs widely from this author's usual style. It is the narrative of the ambitious designs and aims of a woman in Society. Her husband tries to keep from engaging in shady transactions, but is hampered and influenced by the wishes of his wife, who is bent upon entering what is termed the "best circles." Failure follows, which brings happiness to the husband but not to his wife. *"Gentleman Garnet,"* by H. B. Vogel (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is a tale of old Tasmania during the penal settlement. Convict life, escapes, bushrangers, stirring and adventurous episode make up a volume full of movement and excitement. *"A Crafty Foe,"* by Hume Nisbet (F. V. White and Co.), is an up-to-date romance of the sea. The book is, as the author hopes it may be, "easy to read and hard to leave off until it is finished." All students of the drama are, of course, reading as well as seeing *"Ulysses,"* by Stephen Phillips. The volume has been in great demand. In anticipation of the forthcoming Drury Lane drama, *"Ben Hur,"* nearly a dozen different editions have been issued during the past month.



"CASTE" AT THE HAYMARKET: THE MANAGERS' GREAT MATINÉE.



MR. JOHN HARE, WHO PLAYED ECCLES.

*Photograph by the Pictorial Printing and Publishing Company.*

"CASTE" AT THE HAYMARKET: THE MANAGERS' GREAT MATINÉE.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, WHO PLAYED THE HON. GEORGE D'ALROY.

*Photograph by the Pictorial Printing and Publishing Company.*



"CASTE" AT THE HAYMARKET: THE MANAGERS' GREAT MATINEE.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE, WHO PLAYED SAM GERRIDGE.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

"CASTE" AT THE HAYMARKET: THE MANAGERS' GREAT MATINÉE.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE, WHO PLAYED CAPTAIN HAWTREE.

*Photograph by the Pictorial Printing and Publishing Company.*





## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### "ELLEN TERRY AND HER SISTERS."

"WHEN the history of Ellen Terry comes to be written." I wonder how many dramatic critics, pouring out their praises after any one of the historic Irving first-nights at the Lyceum, have used this phrase! Well, at last the history of Ellen Terry has come to be written, the historian being that well-known and well-tried biographer, journalist, and dramatic critic, Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton.

Mr. Pemberton calls his book "Ellen Terry and her Sisters," and he prints, by way of preface, a pretty letter of authorisation from the beloved actress herself, in which Miss Terry says: "Whilst writing about me, you will, I am sure, speak of those with whom I have been closely associated in my acting life, and make mention of the affectionate regard in which I hold them." Truly a charming sentiment, charmingly expressed.

But, throughout this work, one notices as much as anything the wonderful talent that Ellen Terry possesses for writing graceful little letters to her friends. Here is one, for example, written to Alfred C. Calmour on the death of her well-loved author, W. G. Wills—

22, Barkston Gardens,  
Earl's Court, S.W.  
December 15, 1891.

Thank you for writing. Wretched news, is it not? A genius and a dear fellow. I know how much you will miss him, and I'm very sorry for you and for myself too.

I hope he was conscious and had folk he cared for by him.—Yours ever,  
ELLEN TERRY.

It was to Calmour, also, that she wrote as follows just before the curtain went up on the first performance of "The Amber Heart"—

You will have a great success, I hope and pray. I believe in this, and nobody will be so glad then as your sincere friend, Ellen Terry.

And, on the following day, despite her success—

I hope you are pleased. I am so sorry about one thing yesterday. From nervousness my acting of the first Act was strained and artificial, and I confess that I entirely ruined and missed your first beautiful soliloquy in the second Act! I am *truly* sorry! I know that you are a good creature, and view all my efforts from the point of view of my *intentions* since I succeeded better in some bits. Although I may never play the part again, I never will cease to love the play for its own sake, and to regard and esteem my friend who wrote it—for me—I do believe.

With the exception of the first and last chapters, Mr. Pemberton has not attempted to put very much of himself into the book. This is as it should be, for, in a biography of so well-known an actress as Ellen Terry, it is not necessary to include either lengthy eulogies of her work or detailed criticisms of her art. We all

know and love our Ellen Terry; we should rather resent it if any historian took upon himself to belaud her at this hour of the day. In "Ellen Terry and her Sisters," thank goodness, we have plain facts unhampered by personal fancies. The only adornments to the volume, in addition to the history of these delightful sisters, are the beautifully reproduced portraits that illustrate the work throughout.

There has been much discussion as to Ellen Terry's very first public appearance—not that such things matter much, although some people like to work themselves up into a state of fury over names and dates. Mr. George Tawse, it appears, who modestly described himself as a "play-bill-worm," after making careful researches, came to the conclusion that Ellen Terry made her first appearance at the Princess's on April 28, 1856, as Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale." Miss Terry agrees with Mr. Tawse, and so we may take it that the matter is settled.

Mr. Pemberton seems to be something of a "play-bill-worm" himself, for he reprints several old play-bills in full, some of which are interesting in parts and some of which are not interesting at all. He also gives us several extracts from the dramatic notices of Mr. Clement Scott, very few of which will stand the cold test of revivification. However, these are the only faults to be found with his work, which is, on the whole, very admirably and always lovingly performed.

The volume, as might be expected, is full of good stories. One, that concerns her representation of Prince Arthur in "King John," is quite pathetic. At the point where she left the stage in the full and terrible knowledge that her eyes were to be burnt out, the little Ellen at first (presumably at rehearsal) made her exit with such composure that she received a strong reprimand from Mrs. Kean, who told her that she must give expression to the anguish of the situation. This little scolding caused the easily affected child to shed such earnest tears that her monitress cried out, "Oh, if you can only do that

on the stage, what a Prince Arthur you will be!" The hint was taken to heart and adopted, and the success of the impersonation was assured. The new Prince Arthur was honoured with a special call, and the critics were loud and unanimous in their praises, freely acknowledging the dramatic force of the performance, together with its delightful simplicity, tenderness, and truth to nature.

It is such pretty, personal touches as these, little glimpses into the inner life and into the heart of one of the most delightful artists that have ever graced the boards of the English stage, that make "Ellen Terry and her Sisters" a book that no true playgoer of any age should be content to do without.

KEBLE HOWARD.

ELLEN TERRY: ON TOUR, BIRMINGHAM, 1881.

Reproduced by permission from "Ellen Terry and her Sisters." C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.









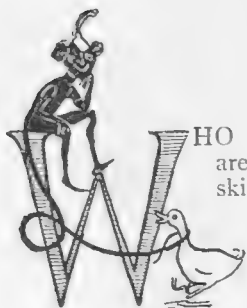
AFTER LONG YEARS.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## LADY PAMELA'S IMPERSONATION.

BY CLO. GRAVES. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.



WHO has not waited at Clachan Junction, where trains are shuffled and dealt to the four "airdhs" as a skilful whist-player deals his cards? In winter, when the biting blasts howl down the icy mountain-gorges, and the snow-ploughs are kept in readiness day and night. In spring, when the lower crags begin to show bare and nakedly, stripped of their white garments by the encroaching rains, and prone forests of deal rod-boxes and piles of waterproofed gear and tackle-holders marked "With Care" betoken the Northward flight of the angler. Or at the red-hot end of July, when the baked air tastes of cinders, and gun-cases and cartridge-bags are piled in the carriage-roof nettings to the utter disregard of the printed warning that these supports are only calculated for the retention of the lighter articles of baggage, and valuable settlers die of asphyxia in the Black Hole to which travelling dogs are consigned by a humane Legislature. Who has not waited at Clachan Junction?

It was the last day of July, and Lady Pamela Viart was upon her way from the fostering wing of a married sister whose steam-yacht lay anchored in the Firth of Clyde to the fostering wing of a married cousin whose husband had a grouse-moor in Inverness-shire. Pamela's naturally joyous disposition, heightened by ozone, betrayed itself in the pleased smiles that played about her large but pretty mouth, in the alert brightness of her glances, and the vivacious restlessness that kept her big plait of blonde hair continually in pendulum-like motion, and reduced her maid, exhausted by following the footsteps of her youthful mistress from end to end of the scorching platform, piled with the impedimenta of invisible wayfarers, to the verge of tears. Having visited and supplied with water some retrievers, half-suffocated in their stifling travelling-kennels, having looked into the lamp-room and retreated from the smells, having bought papers and dropped pennies into the slots of the automatic chocolate-suppliers, Pamela began to feel bored. She had examined everything there was to examine in her immediate neighbourhood, it appeared to her. Nothing was left which could yield any harvest to her keen-edged desire for information. Sitting upon a lamp-trolley, she whistled an air from "The Toreador," at first gently, then loudly as any rollicking black-bird. This distressed Goodenough, her maid, who adored the proprieties, and preferred to attend upon elderly spinsters for that reason.

"Oh, my Lady, pray!" she protested, in a tone of mild distress. Pamela ignored the protest because she resented it as a liberty taken by an inferior. But, rather than distress the inferior, she ceased to whistle, and looked at the maid, at first indifferently, then with interest. She saw in Goodenough a fair-complexioned, high-nosed, slim young person of twenty-five, attired in black silk with bugles, hatted with becoming propriety, and correctly gloved. The dust of the journey, that lay thick upon Pamela's very eyelashes, and powdered upon the end of her impertinent little freckled nose, and rested upon the curve of her upper lip, did not appear on Goodenough. Between her black-kid gloves, which fitted so tightly that it made Pamela hot to look at them, she held a clean white handkerchief which savoured of Cologne, and when she moved she crackled as though the laundress had been prodigal of starch.

"How respectable you are, Goodenough!" observed Pamela, after a period of contemplative silence.

"I hope so, my Lady!" said Goodenough, with an almost imperceptible toss of her neat chin.

"Were you always like it," asked Pamela, with deep interest, "or did you grow so by degrees?"

She stuck her bare thumbs into the silver-buckled strap-belt of tan-leather that loosely girdled the slim waist of eighteen. In her simple white silk blouse, serge skirt, and rough straw-hat, a quill thrust transversely through its crown, she might have been anything, Goodenough thought. And she reflected, as she had done many times before, that, if she had been born the daughter of a Marquis, she would have looked and dressed like "somebody." She gave a sigh to Pamela's wasted opportunities as she answered primly—

"My family has always been respectable, my Lady."

Pamela persisted with her questions. She wanted to know whether Goodenough was happy in her subordinate station, "though, if you mind answering, please say so," she considerably added.

"Thank you, my Lady," said Goodenough, with a prim cough.

"People who are obliged to serve in a menial capacity are seldom consulted as to their likings. They must put up with rough or smooth, as it happens to come."

"But," cried Pamela, with rounded eyes, "you are a great deal more hard to please than I am! I'm sure your cabin on board the *Puffin* was as comfortable as mine, and not a bit nearer to the engines, and yet you grumbled till you got another. And when we stayed at the Sales, in Worcestershire, you were miserable because your bedroom was separated only by a lath-and-plaster partition from the one next to it, and the toilet-glass didn't stand in a good light. Now, my toilet-glass was green and had bubbles in it, so you saw your eye reflected beside your face, as if it had popped out in a fright. And my partition was only wood, painted over; and the people who slept on the other side, that old Indian Colonel and his wife—the woman with cat's eyes—snored awfully, like grampuses when they come up close to the ship's side on a hot, quiet night-at sea. . . . And, when they were awake, they quarrelled. And, I remember, you complained that no dessert was allowed at the servants'-hall dinner. . . . So," ended Pamela, triumphantly, "you can't say candidly that you put up with rough and smooth, can you?"

Goodenough, thus pressed on all points, performed a right-about-face; and stated her opinion, crystallised by experience, that, if a young person in service did not look out for herself, in a manner, she was pretty sure to be put upon. It was not like a young lady in her Ladyship's position, who might expect, under all and any circumstances, to receive her due. . . . Thus Goodenough.

"My position!" repeated Lady Pamela, crossing her slim feet, neat and trim in their silken hose and brown-leather shoes. She wrinkled her brows, silvery blonde like her hair, and pursed her lips contemplatively, as she regarded Goodenough. "Suppose you were in my position—how then?" she added. "What would you do? Do tell me, because I want to know!"

Goodenough developed pinkness about the cheek-bones and coughed in a hesitating way.

"Dear me! Why should your Ladyship ask the question?" she said. "But if your Ladyship really wishes to be answered—"

"I really wish to," said Lady Pamela. "Some Socialist man suggested—in a speech or, in a magazine or something—that everybody ought to change places, compulsorily, once in so many years; so that a Peer would change places with a dustman when the date came round, a Bishop would swap with a Hyde Park Agnostic—though you don't know what an Agnostic is—a Judge would be the criminal at the bar and the criminal the Judge, a General would be a private and the private a General, and the stoker of a ship would command while the Captain stoked. The same with the women, of course. I should be you, and you would be me, once every year or so. And so I want to know what you would do if you were me?"

"I should try, my Lady, to live up to your Ladyship's position," said Goodenough. Her pale eye had an inward glow; it was not unfamiliar with the vision of its owner transformed from a person into a personage. "I wouldn't be haughty, but I would never condescend to encourage my inferiors to take liberties. . . . by talking to fishermen and sailors or railway-porters as though they was of the same flesh and blood. And I would drive in my carriage—like a lady—whether I was in town or country, instead of tramping in thick boots or riding a machine. . . . And I would never court freckles and sunburn by going without a sunshade or even a veil, or spoil my hands with fishing-rods and golf-clubs and them barbarous things. And I would be elegant in my language, scorning to use schoolboy slang or coster street-talk. And—"

"And, to put it plumply, you wouldn't do one of the things that we—that I do," said Lady Pamela, "if you wished to live up to your idea of a lady. I see! That's the common or garden English of what you've said—that your idea of a lady and my idea of a lady are as wide apart as the Poles. That is, they would be, if I ever thought about being 'a lady' at all." She raised her blonde brows and tipped her hat back a little with her slim bare hand. "One doesn't, don't you know? It's a thing one never thinks about," she said. "There are certain things one does—and others that one doesn't do. And there are people who are well-bred and good form, and people who are bounders and cads. And the bounders are very often rich, and sometimes awfully amusing. . . . But I'm forgetting what I had at the tip of my tongue. I'm not a Socialist, like the man who wants to make the world go like a country-dance—up the middle



and down again, change, and so on. . . . But I do feel that the lower classes, the people who carry us, ought to be carried, now and then, for a change. Look here! It's ten minutes to twelve, and we shan't get to Kirriemuir until nine to-night. Till then, you shall be me, and I'll be you." Lady Pamela jumped off the lamp-truck and clapped her hands. "Jolly!" she cried. "It will make the beastly railway journey quite lively. Give me the dressing-bag, and remember you are to call me 'Goodenough.' I shall address you as 'My Lady' or 'Your Ladyship.' Do you hear? Where are my gloves? A maid always wears gloves. And I must pin up my plait, because it will make me look more grown-up." Pamela rapidly suited the action to the word. "Tell me," she went on, "do I look very smutty and cindery—for a young person who can do hair and dress-make, and isn't sick at sea, and came with a character and recommendations from a Marchioness?"

It was useless for Goodenough to protest; her imperious young mistress had set her mind upon tasting the bitterness of menial servitude. When the Inverness train came seething and fuming in, therefore, a genteel personage in black silk and bugles was assisted into a first-class compartment by a young, blonde, and zealous attendant, who selected a corner-seat, ramparted her mistress round with monogrammed and coroneted dressing-cases and travelling-bags, and apologised profusely to the two other occupants of the carriage upon whose toes she danced in the execution of these duties.

"Your Ladyship has the bags and the tea-basket and the hold-all? Sure? All right!" said this remarkable maid, brightly. "You're 'O K,' and I shall dodge off to my lair. Your Ladyship need not be alarmed; it is only three carriages in front. I shall look in at the stopping-places to know whether your Ladyship requires anything."

And the maid jumped nimbly down and disappeared as a gaunt lady in black hopsacking and a mushroom-shaped straw-hat of the early Victorian era sat upright in the opposite corner of the carriage, and said, addressing the genteel personage in black silk and bugles, "Goodenough, what extraordinary masquerade is this? Surely that is one of the younger Ladies Viart?" The lady's tone was icily severe; her grey eye, sharp as a steel bodkin, pierced to the fluttering conscience of the alarmed maid and impaled it like a cockchafer.

"Oh, your Ladyship!" Goodenough turned from pink to pale violet, and back again, for it was the very Marchioness whose recommendation had been quoted by her young mistress. "It is, the very youngest, Lady Pamela. And she is that wilful there is no opposing her, and nothing would suit her but she must take my place as maid for the rest of the journey, just to try what it felt like. Oh, oh!" Goodenough sobbed in her neat handkerchief while the elderly lady exchanged a few brief sentences with her companion, a tall, bright-eyed, curly-haired young fellow of twenty-five, bronzed and soldierly and dressed in a plain suit of rough grey tweed.

"You are plainly attired, and she is too young to recognise a Bond Street cut," said the Marchioness.

"And if she did, what then? My valet wears my clothes," said the young man.

"Change your travelling-cap for a bowler-hat," advised the Marchioness.

"Of course! Servants cling to the bowler, and, fortunately for the success of your plot, I don't wear a moustache." The young man stroked his handsome, square chin. "And it will be fun—teaching that pretty little romp a lesson!" His hazel eye gleamed; his smile was mischievous.

"Within bounds, Fernie—within due bounds!" protested his slightly alarmed mother, as the train began to slow up and the signal-posts and brick platform of a raw little country station slid into view.

"All right, mother! Three carriages down, I think she said" . . . And the young man was gone. A moment later, a clean-shaved traveller in rough grey tweeds and a bowler-hat entered the second-class carriage where Pamela sat alone, rather lonely without her bags and papers and rather bored by solitude.

"Excuse me, Miss," the new-comer remarked; "I hope I don't intrude!" He spoke with a slight Cockney twang and touched his hat respectfully.

"Oh no, not at all!" said Pamela, brightening up. "This is not a reserved carriage."

"My governor is in a first-class, three carriages back," said the young man, with a careless jerk of his thumb, "and I've to keep my eye on him in case he wants anything. That's our life, isn't it, Miss? To run about and fetch things for able-bodied people as have got legs and arms of their own." He put his bowler-hat carefully up in the rack and sat down opposite Pamela.

"You are a servant, I presume?" she said, coldly.

"Rather!" said the young man. "Why, ain't you?"

"How dare you—!" Lady Pamela was beginning. Then she remembered and tried to nod and smile cheerfully. "Of course, I am!" she said; "but how did you know it?"

"Go on with you!" said the man. "As though 'lady's-maid' wasn't wrote on you in large letters! Once a valet, always a valet," he said, and winked at the indignant Pamela. "Once a lady's-maid, always a lady's-maid. Where are you a-taking your old girl?"

"We are going to Kirriemuir Castle," said Pamela, stiffly, pulling her hat down over her blazing eyes.

"Lord Lochan's box. I know!" said her *vis-à-vis*. "Twenty-four miles from Hempsick. Why, that's where me and my governor are bound. Have you seen *Peepholes* for the week? Here you are!" And he handed her an illustrated paper.

"Who is—your governor?" asked Pamela, fanning her scorching cheeks with the green-covered abomination.

"Marquis of Normandown—and not a bad sort either," answered the man, simply.

"He would be delighted if he could hear you say so, I feel sure," said Pamela, beating a tattoo with her brown shoes upon the dusty floor. "Can you tell me how long it will be before this train stops again?"

"About three-quarters of an hour, my dear," said the valet, glibly. "You will oblige me by not addressing me as 'your dear,'" observed Pamela, masking acute distress with glacial composure.



*She wrenched herself away and dealt him a hearty slap upon the face.*

"LADY PAMELA'S IMPERSONATION."

"You don't mean it?" said the rebuffed one. "Why, I never knew a young person in your position take offence at being spoke to pleasant before! And, considering that we're a-going to stop in the same house——"

"Oh no!" cried Lady Pamela, in crimson distress.

"But it's 'Oh yes!'" said the Marquis's valet. "And you'll be as dull as ditch-water, my dear, if you don't make yourself pleasant and friendly. Sociability among servants—that's what oils the wheels of domestic life; and I shall expect to see a good deal of you at the Castle when the house-party are all away on the shoot." He came over and sat beside her. "How should you like me to take you driving in a 'igh dog-cart, my love?" he added. "Say the word and I'll square it with Lochan's coachman. And there'll be a hamper under the seat, because the butler happens to be a pal of mine. What price that for enjoyment? And you'll come? I bet you a pair of gloves you'll come!"

He put his hateful tweed arm round Pamela's shrinking waist. Only for a second, before she wrenched herself away and dealt him a hearty slap upon the face. Long practice with the golf-club and tennis-racquet had not hardened Pamela's muscles for nothing. The close-shaven cheek of the presumptuous offender bore the flaming print of every finger of her strong young hand.

"I am sorry I struck you," she said, panting. "I forgot myself, but if you touch me again you know what to expect. I am not a servant at all. I was only pretending——"

"And you pretended very badly, Lady Pamela," said Lord Normandown. "I made a much better hand of it." He smiled whimsically as the smart of his cheek pointed the last words. "At least, in one way," he added. "But it is only fair to tell you that I knew who you were all the time."

"Did you? How? Then . . .?" Pamela choked.

"You see," Lord Normandown explained, "my mother and I were in the carriage when you put in your maid. And I remembered Goodenough quite well; in fact, she was my mother's maid before she went to Lady Viart. And my mother knew her, too, and dropped on her like bricks and ragged her for letting you have your own way. But, from what I have seen of you, I should think you generally took it."

He laughed, and, in spite of herself, Pamela laughed too.

"Shall we go back to my mother," asked the young man, as the train slowed for the next stoppage, "or stay where we are?"

"I should prefer," returned Pamela, "to join your mother." She rose with dignity, and Lord Normandown opened the door.

"You aren't angry, are you?" he said, as, rejecting his offered hand, the girl jumped lightly to the ground.

"I shall be," said Pamela, "if you tell." There were tears in her blue eyes.

"I won't tell," said Lord Normandown.

"Honour?" queried Pamela.

"Honour! But promise me——"

"Oho! A condition," Pamela said, tilting her nose. "Well, what is it?"

"It isn't a condition. But you'll come for a drive in that dog-cart I spoke of?"

"With a hamper?" asked Pamela, whose eighteen-year-old soul never failed to thrill at the barest possibility of a picnic.

"With a dozen hampers, if you like!"

"One will do," said Pamela, "if it is big enough. Done!" She extended an ungloved hand.

"And done!" said Lord Normandown, taking it.



A STUDY.

By Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THOSE of my readers who were unable to join the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, in witnessing the record performance of

"CASTE," AT THE HAYMARKET, will be interested in the scene reproduced on this page. The occasion was a memorable one, for many reasons, and I shall never regret having been present, although I had to stand all the time in a narrow gangway. However, my lot was somewhat ameliorated by the fact that all the lovely actresses who were selling programmes and souvenirs were standing there also. And how hard they worked! I heard Miss Margaret Halstan explaining to a grumpy old lady for quite five minutes that the souvenir was the most lovely thing on earth, and then she didn't sell one to her, after all. The beautiful Miss Lilian Braithwaite had a little satchel full of money: she told me that she had never felt so rich in all her life. Miss Lily Hanbury was as busy as a bee and looked as sweet as honeysuckle.

As regards the acting, the chief honours fell to Miss Marie Tempest. Mr. Cyril Maude, I thought, rather clowned the part of Sam Gerridge; Mr. Alexander was stagey; Mr. Tree was quite impossible as a British officer, but very amusing as himself; Miss Winifred Emery was as delightful as ever; Miss Fanny Coleman and Mr. John Hare repeated their historic triumphs; and Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as the manservant, introduced an amusing gag. It was: "Shall I dismiss the cabman, sir? He says as his horse caught a cough waiting for you last night, sir." The house roared, and Mr. Bourchier retired, radiant, to remove his make-up.

## "THE NEW IDOL,"

latest production of the Stage Society, has had exactly the reception one would have expected. In it an effort is made to get away from the beaten track, and therefore most of the critics simply jeered at what they deemed ludicrous, and did not take the trouble to consider whether the piece had not some merit as well as much strangeness. But it had. Plays dealing with medical questions and with the contrast between the theological and scientific attitudes towards Nature are not well calculated to entertain our idle public, nor is



MISS ADA CROSSLEY.

Photograph by Bacon and Son, Leeds.

M. de Curel altogether tactful in treatment of his theme; yet there is power in the work, and there were some tense situations which affected deeply the playgoers with Catholic minds. The Stage Society certainly is to be congratulated upon its courage, and may be assured that its efforts are not fruitless, though the immediate result may be discouraging. Some sound if not remarkable acting was given, notably by Mr. Aubrey Smith and Mr. McKinnel, whilst Miss Mabel Beardsley acted cleverly and Miss Agnes Verity played charmingly.

## MISS ADA CROSSLEY,

like Madame Melba, hails from Australia, for she is a native of Gippsland, Victoria, and spent her early life in the "bush," an atmosphere, one would think, scarcely conducive to musical studies. However, when she made her debut at Queen's Hall, in 1895, she was at once hailed as the successor to Madame Patey, and her career since has fully confirmed this opinion. The late Queen Victoria—no mean judge of music—much admired Miss Crossley's artistic singing, and she was "commanded" for several State Concerts at Buckingham Palace. One of the chief charms of her voice is its evenness.

## MUSICAL ITEMS.

An English lady composer, Miss Ethel Smyth, has in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Berlin, an opera called "The Forest." She has already produced an opera named "Fantasio" at Weimar. Miss Smyth has had the good-fortune to attract the attention of the Emperor and Count von Bülow, who have a very high opinion of her musical ability.

Miss Dorothy Maggs gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, March 19, when this accomplished pianist was assisted by Madame Amy Sherwin and Franz Ondricek the violinist, Miss Ellen Bowick reciting.

Mr. Newman gave an extra Symphony Concert on Saturday, devoted to the works of Wagner. A "Faust Overture," the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the prelude to "Lohengrin," and selections from that opera, "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walküre," and "Siegfried" were given in the orchestral portions, and vocal pieces were contributed by Miss Alice Nielsen and Madame Clara Butt.



The Marquise. Captain Hawtree. Mr. John Hare. Esther Eccles. Hon. George D'Alroy. Sam Gerridge. Polly Eccles.  
(Miss Fanny Coleman). (Mr. Beerboom Tree). (who played Eccles). (Miss Winifred Emery). (Mr. G. Alexander). (Mr. Cyril Maude). (Miss Marie Tempest).

THE MACKLIN BENEFIT AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: A REHEARSAL OF "CASTE."

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

PEJE STORCK, THE PIANIST, was born in London, of Swedish parents. He was educated in Sweden, and, at a very early age, showed his aptitude for piano-playing. It was, however, after having first gone to the University of Upsal, and after commencing his studies for the Bar, that the promptings of his musical genius became too strong, and he entered the Conservatoire at Stockholm, where he studied under a very gifted teacher, a pupil of Schumann, and where he received the Gold Medal. After that he pursued his studies at the Conservatoire at Brussels, where, after two years, he obtained the First Prize with the highest distinction. From this time he devoted himself principally to teaching, only now and again playing at concerts, always with the most gratifying results, till, having been persuaded to visit America, he took up his abode last autumn at Victoria, British Columbia, and it was at concerts given by him there that his success became so triumphant that we wish to refer to some extracts from the Victoria and Vancouver newspapers, which all combine to speak of him with the utmost rapture, and we can only hope that the London public may soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

The *Vancouver Daily World* says of Mr. Peje Storck: "His performance of the Schumann 'Carnival' was extremely satisfying, and the different episodes displayed most forcibly his marvellous versatility. The study by Sauer, a capricious composition, full of murmuring breezes, called forth a most insistent encore. The delightful smoothness must be



PEJE STORCK, THE CELEBRATED SWEDISH PIANIST.

heard to be fully appreciated. His lightness of wrist made every tone like a tiny bell. Could anything have been more delightfully rendered than the four gems from Grieg—'Papillon,' 'Little Bird,' 'Spring,' and 'Bridal Procession'? A touch as of air, yet a wrist so supple and firm as steel. A fairy-like delicacy of touch brought to us the sweet songs of the birds, the gay, careless butterflies floating by, the little brook that rippled and danced along in the wood, bright with flowers and soft sunshine—Spring with all its beauty and youth. In a group of six well-assorted compositions by Chopin was manifested the great mental and emotional expression so peculiarly strange and characteristic of Chopin. The marked difficulties of the studies were given with superb precision, crispness, and *légèreté*."

The *Vancouver Daily Advertiser* says: "The most notable characteristic of Herr Storck's playing is his exquisite delicacy of touch. He is a typical Norseman, a fair-haired young giant, who looks as though he could lift the piano with as much ease as finger the keys. All the more remarkable, then, is the caressing nature of his playing. In the charming little morceaux from Grieg, where this wonderful gift of his was most noticeable, he seemed to draw the beautiful harmonies from the keys with a sensitive understanding of their inner meaning which would have delighted the composer's soul. So, too, in the studies from Chopin and the brilliant Rachmaninoff prelude. That Herr Storck possesses wonderful power, when called on, was evidenced in his rendering the 'Spinning Song' from 'The Flying Dutchman.'"



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS, HEROINE OF "ARE YOU A MASON?": A DRESSING-ROOM PORTRAIT.

By Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*"Risk It!"—In Wet and Stormy Weather—The Faint-hearted Wheelman—The Mileage Crank—Aching Muscles—A Jaunt Abroad—Language and Courtesy—Cycling and Photography—Children on Bicycles—A Wheeling Duchess.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 26, 7.20; Thursday, 7.22; Friday, 7.24; Saturday, 7.25; Sunday, 7.27; Monday, 7.29; Tuesday, April 1, 7.31.

If there is any cyclist who cannot make up his or her mind whether to go wheeling this Eastertide or not, the advice I give is, "Risk it." Easter comes early this year, and, though there is not much foliage on the trees, spring has a beauty of its own with all the bulbs on the bursting-point, and a tree glorious with blossom is far more beautiful than it can possibly be even in the height of summer.

There is a fascination about "risking it" in cycling as in all things. Man is a gambler, however he may protest to the contrary, and, speaking personally, I always have a glow of satisfaction when I get into an unknown part of the country and go wandering by lanes, leaving it to chance and my sense of geography to ultimately bring me to a place I have a haphazard notion of reaching.

The old sneer of the non-cyclist, that it is not his idea of enjoying a holiday to work and perspire by pushing a wheel over hills, we riders know to be nonsense. And those of us who are wanderers often have a little chuckle at our brother cyclist who hesitates going on a little tour because the weather may be bad, or because the inns are not likely to furnish good provender. It is well to have good roads and good food, but, if you have the proper temperament, you can even get fun out of bad roads and scanty fare. It is splendid to go spinning along beautifully kept highways and to put up at first-class hostleries. It is not, however, without interest to find oneself in a wild part of the country and be obliged to seek shelter in a wayside cottage, and to have nothing better for dinner than a slice of bacon. Perforce, you get peeps into life in rural parts which would otherwise never be your lot.

He is a faint-hearted cyclist indeed who stands on his door-step looking at the clouds before making up his mind whether he will go out for a spin. Fair-weather wheeling does not seem strictly British. The best specimen of man is the one who says, "Come on; we'll risk it." Therefore, to my readers who cannot make up their minds whether to wheel or not this Easter, I repeat my advice, "Risk it."

Do not, however, go and spoil your holiday by endeavouring to get over enormous distances just for the sake of boasting that your mileage in four days has been so-and-so. I have little patience with the mileage crank. Cyclometers provoke conceit. When I rub up acquaintance with a man at a hotel-table and he begins boasting of his eighty miles a-day, whereas I have not gone beyond fifty, I feel like throwing something at him.

If after your first day's ride your muscles ache, there is nothing like a little self-administered massage to put you right again. The knee-muscles are the first to make a man twinge as though he had

the gout. Let him, however, spend five or six minutes in his room kneading them with his knuckles, and he will be surprised how quickly the stiffness disappears.

The great thing, however, is to be in fit condition. That is why it is advisable to be an all-the-year-round cyclist. A dawdle once a-week does a great deal to keep a rider in form.

It is possible a good many cyclists who can get away for a week or so will be slipping over to the Continent for a little Easter tour. There are more interesting things to be seen in one's own land than in a foreign country. Indeed, whatever any man may say, I maintain that, for all-round beauty of scenery, there is no land in the world that excels our own. Still, there are cyclists who have ridden through most of the pretty spots of their own land, and the natural desire overtakes them of having a peep at a foreign land. This is useful, because it

brings men into contact with an absolutely different phase of life, and this in itself provides relaxation.

Many folks, however, are a little timorous of going abroad because they do not know the language and because they are a little afraid that they may be insulted. It is advisable, naturally, to speak the tongue of the country in which you mean to travel, and a great deal, as I know from experience, is missed through not being able to do so. However, I will say that, instead of being rudely treated, you will find nothing but courtesy, and, if there are exceptions to this, they are only the exceptions that prove the rule.

The Kodak fiend is a person who comes in for a good deal of public chaff. One might, however, be worse than a snapshotter. Indeed, I frequently take one of my own Kodaks with me when I go jaunting, and nothing is pleasanter in after months or years than turning over the pages of a photograph-book and recalling incidents connected with a particular picture or the eccentricities of a person with whom you may have ridden a dozen miles or so.

Plenty of cyclists carry cameras with them that are extremely bulky, but there are admirable cameras which can be carried in the pocket.

Two or three years ago, I wrote on this very page a protest against the practice of carrying children on an improvised seat on the front of the bicycle. The parents who do this are, no doubt, excellently intentioned, but they must be lacking in common-sense. I would not refer to the matter again were it not that I was reading only the other day a defence of carrying children on bicycles, in which the advocate concluded by "strongly advising other fond fathers to take their children to enjoy Nature's balmy breezes in spite of hysterical shrieks." Although babies should get as much of the balmy breezes as is possible, I think fond fathers are often extremely foolish.

Cyclists will probably be engaged in a hundred ways celebrating the Coronation, quite apart from their own particular pastime. It is pleasing to note, however, that the Duchess of Somerset, who holds the position of being the first lady subject of the King, and who will, therefore, occupy a prominent position at the Coronation, is one of the keenest cyclists in the country. Indeed, she rode the bicycle in the days when it was proper for all dames to sniff at ladies who were so lacking in taste as to ride the wheel.

J. F. F.



MISS NINA SEVENING. PLAYING IN "A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Public Judgment.* The result of the Lincolnshire Handicap proved that the judgment of the public was right. One of the animals that was selected by many in the early days of the betting was St. Maclou. And I must admit I had a great liking for Mr. McCalmont's colt until he was stopped in his work. That interregnum seemed to me to destroy his chance, but, from the manner in which he fought out a strenuous finish with Mr. Sievier's beautiful filly, Sceptre, it must have done him no manner of harm whatsoever. Mr. Sievier does not, as a rule, cry his wares from the house-top, but he made no secret of his confidence in his ten-thousand-guinea Persimmon filly, his advice to all and sundry being, "If you want to start the season well, put your money on my mare." On the morning of the race, I looked upon Sceptre as being one of the greatest certainties I had ever known, and I think she was unlucky to lose. In saying this, I do not wish to detract from the merit of St. Maclou or his rider, G. McCall, but it seemed to me that Hardy did not keep quite so cool as usual, and the verdict went against him by the narrowest possible margin. The difference a head makes in a race where the favourite finishes second, beaten by that distance, is always great, both to backer and bookmaker, and St. Maclou's head caused backers to lose thousands upon thousands of pounds. "Everybody" seemed to be on the good thing, and, as a matter of course, "everybody" was disappointed—except the few who stuck to their early bets about the winner, and the owner, jockey, and trainer of that animal.

Mr. McCalmont, who owns St. Maclou, is best known as the richest commoner in England and as the owner of one of the greatest thoroughbreds that ever raced on our Turf—Isinglass, who was only once beaten. Previous to the Lincolnshire Handicap, Mr. McCalmont had not for a year or two secured many races, the best animal he owned between Isinglass and St. Maclou having been Knight of the Thistle, who won the Royal Hunt Cup. He has not been long back from South Africa, where Captain Beatty, who trained St. Maclou, was also fighting for some time. Captain Beatty took charge of Colonel McCalmont's horses when poor Jewitt lost his health, and previous to that he had a few jumpers in training near Rugby. McCall, the boy who rode St. Maclou, is first jockey to Mr. McCalmont, this being the first retainer the young Scottish rider has had. His father is a good tutor, and the boy has learnt his lessons well. Last year, he suddenly developed into a front-rank rider, and his success was one of the events of the season. He is a strong finisher, has a cool head, and, moreover, seems to be one of those boys whom it will take a lot of success to spoil.

*The "City."* St. Maclou will have a chance of meeting some of his Lincolnshire Handicap opponents in the City and Suburban, for which race he has earned a 10 lb. penalty, bringing his weight up to 8 st. 5 lb. This is only 5 lb. less than Volodyovski has to carry, and mention of that horse's name brings to mind the race at Newmarket last spring, when, at a difference in his favour of 12 lb., St. Maclou beat Volodyovski very easily. On that occasion, the latter was as fat as a bullock, so that the form was bound to be all wrong; at any rate, were the race to be run over again, with both horses fit, odds would be laid on "Voly." The Lincolnshire Handicap horses in the City and Suburban that St. Maclou can meet are Australian Star, Seringapatam, Princess Melton, Pellisson, Olympian, Stealaway, The Solicitor, and Most Excellent. By the time the race is run, some of the horses named will be straighter in condition than they were last week, and I think it will be demonstrated before very long that the Lincolnshire Handicap form was all awry. Volodyovski is

well and progressing in his work, and I shall for the present stick to him for the race under notice. I should, however, like to make a note here about Transparency, who is, according to my reading of Turf events, sure to win a nice handicap this year for the Duke of Devonshire, her owner, who told the Betting Committee that the betting in "his own circle is not so heavy as it used to be."

*Futures.*

After to-day there is no flat-racing this week, to-morrow and Saturday being given over to National Hunt sport at Maiden Erlegh and Plumpton. Next Monday, however, there are the usual bewildering number of race-meetings under both sets of rules. The most important under those of the Jockey Club is that at Kempton Park, where the Queen's Prize of fifteen hundred sovereigns is to be competed for. Epsom Lad, who is at the top of the handicap, missed the Lincolnshire Handicap. He is reported to be exceedingly well, but he has a crushing weight, good horse though he undoubtedly is. St. Maclou is again encountered here, but I think he has, with his penalty, too much weight. I fancy the race will be won by Royal George or Lavengro. At Manchester, the big £2000 Lancashire Steeplechase will be run for over the new course. The jumps at New Barns were very easy ones, and, if those at Castle Irwell are built on the same plan, there ought not to be many falls. Delivery

ran so well against The Pride of Mablestown a week or two back that he must have a great chance, but I think Fanciful will win. The Spring Handicap at Birmingham ought to produce a good race. St. Helena, the top-weight who was scratched the other day, was unbeaten last year in Ireland. Strawberry Leaf ran well at Lincoln and seems a fairly good thing.

If Admiral Rous could go racing again, he would open his eyes very, very wide indeed at the revolutions that have come about in the conduct of meetings under Jockey Club rules. He would see the majority of our jockeys "up the horses' necks," and he would look in vain for the method of starting races that was in vogue up till last year. In the Admiral's day,

men rode in the upright "windmill" style, and races were started under the flag system. The American riders, particularly Sloan, have, by showing the advantages that accrue from riding in the forward position, caused our home-bred jockeys to adopt Yankee tactics in the saddle, and so much better did the starting-machine in Australia work than our own flag system that, after years of patient advocacy by one or two writers on Turf matters, of whom I, being one, did my little best, our own Jockey Club adopted it a couple of years ago.

CAPTAIN COE.

## "PING-PONG" AT "THE FRONT."

Perhaps no more conclusive proof of the universal popularity of "Ping-Pong" could be adduced than the picture I have the pleasure of presenting herewith, and for which I am indebted to Lieutenant Frank Tregarthen, of the Railway Pioneer Regiment. The game is indeed played under unique conditions, for the scene of action is an old shed in the vicinity of the Pioneers' Camp at Vereeniging, in the Transvaal. Here the Officers' Mess has its temporary quarters, and the primitive nature of what in other circumstances would be a well-lighted and cheery mess-room is evidenced by the ingenious contrivance used to illuminate the more or less festive scene. A rope is hung across the rafters, and a dozen or so bottles suspended from it, in the necks of which are stuck as many candles as may be forthcoming. As Lieutenant Tregarthen says, the game of "Ping-Pong," even under these conditions, makes many an evening pass pleasantly and quickly that would otherwise be both long and dreary.



"PING-PONG" IN THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE RAILWAY PIONEER REGIMENT AT VEREENIGING, IN THE TRANSVAAL.

## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT may seem early days to discourse on the filmy seductiveness of the muslin gown, but at Monte Carlo one receives object-lessons of value on forthcoming actualities, and the present sunshiny weather has brought out Paris frocks in the Rooms and Terrace, just as it has tempted forth other and less venal gaily winged butterflies, a few of whom one saw fluttering forth tentatively in the Gardens to-day. To particularise the various masterpieces of vanity that figure forth on all sides would be dry-as-dust technical reading indeed, but it may be briefly set forth that handiwork of the most laborious and elaborate sort is piled and strewn, though never crowded, on the dresses of the season. The most exquisite taste, in fact, characterises the pale colours in which embroideries and hand-painted effects are obtained, and though extreme elaboration of detail is a marked feature, no "loud" splendours of either tint or tone are *en évidence*.

In dresses that obviously hail from Worth or his millinery fellow-sovereigns, the trains are no less long *en grande toilette* than heretofore, but are obviously more spread out and fan-like, resting like a half-circle on the ground—an effect which can only, one would suppose, be obtained by stiff lining. I heard some rather *un-smart* Englishwomen exchange disparaging commentaries on the many ultra-*chic* creations trailing up and down on the parquet before their envious eyes, but, remembering it has been laid down that you can always tell when a man wants something he hasn't got—by his wholesome contempt for it—came to the conclusion that the rule holds eminently in force with the eternal feminine in the face of un-get-at-able fal-lals. One of the dresses which aroused my most whole-souled admiration had for its component parts white mousseline over white silk, the former painted with large yellow roses and foliage so exquisitely embroidered and raised at the edges with chiffon that they looked as if carelessly thrown round the hem. Their effect when repeated on a pointed berthe of Alençon lace round the shoulders was too entirely enticing. A hat of drawn white chiffon, with a border of black roses and a drapery of amber-sequined lace, was the last touch of elegant recklessness given to a costume which cost, I am credibly informed, "six hundred pounds English." A good deal of interest was felt amongst the English contingent on Tuesday evening in the début of Miss Ella Elliot, who sang charmingly in "Romeo," with Jean de Reske in the title-rôle, at the Casino Theatre. Mrs. Elliot, who had come over to Monte Carlo to

be present at her daughter's début, is as well known in Anglo-Indian Society as at home, and was for some years Lady-in-Waiting to the Maharanee of Baroda.

The tables have not afforded any excitements of importance during the past few days, except that of M. Maurice Ephrussi, the well-known Paris millionaire, who is staying at the Métropole with Madame Ephrussi. Red turned up fourteen times running, and M. Ephrussi had the maximum on each time. There were many

long-drawn "Ah's" of satisfaction that the dear green tables had to pay such substantial forfeit.

But it is, of course, only rich people that ever have a chance here. Seeing that it does not matter to them whether they win or lose, they can plank on large sums without fear, and the tables are accordingly kind. Baron Edward de Rothschild, for instance, hardly ever stands up a loser; and there is a lady here whose income runs into many figures—the result of a well-advertised liniment—and it is averred by her friends that she has taken £20,000 from the tables in four years.

Empire gowns, as adapted to everyday outdoor usage, are in great popularity down here. The quaint little coats with tabbed backs and short fronts that Joséphine and her ladies wore are repeated in flowered taffetas or panne, often with long, broad sashes of the same material, and a skirt of chiffon or mousseline. The effect is startlingly new, and, one must add, *chic* as well. SYBIL.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

By Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Scotter, Sir William Preece, K.C.B., Colonel the Hon. H. W. Campbell, Colonel the Hon. Charles Byng, Colonel R. Williams, M.P., Colonel Davis, Mr. Henry Holmes (the Superintendent of the Line), Mr. G. F. West (Assistant Superintendent), Mr. W. H. Hilditch (the Station-master at Waterloo), and many others. After a capital dinner, during which the Æolian Ladies' Orchestra rendered a fine selection of music, the Chairman proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, making two very happy and appropriate speeches.

I understand that Miss Cholmondeley, the author of that very successful novel, "Red Pottage," has postponed indefinitely the writing of another novel. She is to publish a volume of short stories, but beyond that she has made no engagements.



## RAILWAY FACILITIES FOR EASTER.

## BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

THE special cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 27 to 30, available for return on any day (except day of issue) up to and including Easter Tuesday. Cyclists' special cheap train from Victoria, Good Friday, to Horley, Three Bridges, and East Grinstead, and Easter Sunday to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham. Special cheap tickets, London to Dieppe, will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 27 to 31, available for return up to and including Tuesday night, April 1.

Paris, Switzerland, Normandy, and Brittany at Easter.—The Brighton Railway Company also announce that by their Royal Mail Route, *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day-service on Thursday morning, March 27, and by the express night-service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, March 26, 27, 28, and 29.

## SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

Special excursions will run to Paris, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, on Thursday, March 27, and Saturday, March 29, leaving Victoria 2.40 p.m., Holborn 2.35 p.m., and St. Paul's 2.37 p.m.; also from Charing Cross and Cannon Street, *via* Dover and Calais, at 9 a.m. on March 27, and at 9 p.m. on March 26, 27, 28, and 29. Returning on Bank Holiday from Paris at 3.25 p.m., *via* Boulogne, or at 9 p.m. any day within fourteen days, *via* Calais. Cheap tickets available for certain specified periods will be issued to Boulogne, Brussels, Calais, Ostend, and towns in Holland during the holidays.

## LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Excursion tickets to Paris will be issued on March 26, 27, 28, and 29, available for fourteen days or less. Return fares, first class, 39s. 3d.; second class, 30s. 3d.; third class, 26s. Cheap tickets will be issued by any ordinary train to Havre on March 27, 28, and 29; Cherbourg on March 27 and 29; and to St. Malo on March 28. Return fare, third class by rail and second class by steamer, London to St. Malo and Havre, 24s. 6d.; Cherbourg, 22s.

## THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY,

upon whose extensive system lie many of the most delightful health-resorts in the kingdom, have arranged an attractive and comprehensive list of excursions for the Easter holidays. On Thursday, March 27, cheap five, nine, or sixteen days' excursions will run to various stations in the North-Eastern district and Scotland. On the same day there will be cheap express excursions, for five, six, or nine days, to various stations in Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern district. The Company also announce that the cheap week-end tickets usually issued each Friday and Saturday, by all ordinary trains having through connection to numerous stations on their system, will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service admits), and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29.

## THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Easter. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), and the stations on the Hammersmith and City Line. On Tuesday, March 25, excursions will run to Killarney, and on Wednesday, March 26, to Waterford, Limerick, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c., for a fortnight or less. On Thursday, March 27, excursions will run to Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Minehead, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Plymouth, Bodmin, Falmouth, Penzance, Newbury, Trowbridge, Frome, Yeovil, Weymouth, Oxford, Evesham, Worcester, Malvern, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Llandudno, Carnarvon, Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, Swindon, Cirencester, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, Tenby, New Milford, Cork, &c.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras), &c., as follows: Tuesday, March 25, to Londonderry, *via* Morecambe, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days, as per sailing-bill. Wednesday, March 26, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., *via* Morecambe and *via* Liverpool; to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., *via* Barrow and *via* Liverpool, available for returning any week-day within sixteen days. Thursday, March 27, to Nottingham, Birmingham, Derby, Manchester, Blackburn, Oldham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Scarborough, Barrow, and the Furness and Lake District, &c., returning the following Monday, Tuesday, or Friday; to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, &c., returning Monday, March 31, or Friday, April 4. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at slightly more than the single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey, available for returning on any day within sixteen days from and including date of issue.

## THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, March 24, to Easter Monday, March 31, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the Town receiving-offices of the Company. Additional express trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger-trains for the Easter holidays.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

Company's Hook of Holland Royal British Mail Route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Restaurant-cars also run on the North and South German express-trains to and from the Hook of Holland.

## A RAILWAY RECORD.

Not the least pleasing feature of the recent visit of their Majesties to the West Country was the perfection of the arrangements made by the Great Western Railway Company both with regard to the splendidly equipped train used by the Royal travellers and the great speed yet absolute comfort of the journeys. Additional interest attached to the



DECORATIONS AT PLYMOUTH NORTH ROAD STATION ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

return trip, as the royal train was timed to do the distance of nearly two hundred and forty-seven miles, from Millbay Junction to Paddington, without a stop. In the earlier portion of the run, the engine, "Britannia," had to negotiate many steep climbs, including the steepest incline in this country, so that the speed, though great under the circumstances, was not phenomenal, but on other portions of the route this was made up for by running at seventy miles or so to the hour. Special troughs had been constructed so that the engine might pick up water while at full speed, and, in spite of travelling slowly at such points as Bristol and Swindon, the journey was accomplished some ninety seconds under the scheduled time. The last portion of the run, from Swindon to Paddington, 87½ miles, in spite of fog and the slowing-down on nearing the terminus, was accomplished in less than eighty minutes, and the previous best record for the trip, of five hours twelve minutes, was beaten by half-an-hour. The King, who had made himself familiar with every detail of the working of the train, was much interested in the experiment.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, who has been ordered to the sea-coast to recuperate, is busily engaged upon a new comedy-drama.

At St. George's Hall, next Saturday, an attempt is to be made to revive certain of the old German Reed playlets so long popular there.

The chief Easter production, in addition to "Ben-Hur," which is fully described in another column, will be the long-promised adaptation of Mr. Guy Boothby's weird romance, entitled "Dr. Nikola," which Messrs. Frank de Jong and H. S. Parker will, according to present arrangements, produce at the Princess's next Saturday night, the 29th inst.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 9.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

ALTHOUGH business in the Stock Exchange continues on a very small scale, there is every indication that it is nearly time for those who desire to pick up cheap stock to begin business, and especially is this so with regard to Kaffirs. Just at the end of the boom, we were inundated with letters asking if this or that share was good to buy, and to one and all we replied that it looked as if there was to be a period of depression before any further advance. At this moment, correspondents who wish to buy are few and far between, but the indications now are more favourable than they were five or six weeks ago. The weak bull-account is quite closed, the War prospects are not unfavourable, and the drop in prices looks as if it was pretty well over, so that with some confidence we say to such of our readers as are speculatively inclined, "You may without undue risk purchase Kaffirs for the next upward movement if you are able to pay for them, and the chances are you will make a reasonable profit." With such things as Goerz and Co., Angelo Deepes, Hendersons, and the like, the worst that can happen to anyone is to have to wait for the improvement which is sure to come in a few months, and probably the same is true of Barnato Consolidated and Johannesburg Investment, but the adverse differences might be larger in these cases than in less speculative stocks. The current tip in the House is Vereeniging Estates, but we give it for what such things are worth.

It is satisfactory to note that the obstinacy of the Barrow Hæmatite Shareholders' Committee has produced a settlement which, while it may not be all that could have been hoped for, is, from the 6 per cent. Preference holders' point of view, a great improvement on the Directors' proposals, which Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy made such short work of nearly twelve months ago. With about three years' arrears of interest to be shortly paid, the Preference shares appear by no means unattractive at about 5½.

The reports which reach us as to the progress of the Welsbach Company are most unfavourable, and we fear that this great concern, waterlogged with its outrageous capital, is steadily drifting from bad to worse. It is said that, after all, the long-expected case as to the validity of the 1893 patent may be settled as was the previous Sunlight attack. The real difficulty which the opponents of the Welsbach have to face, is that to fight the patent and destroy it will throw open the market, and benefit not so much those who run the risk of the contest, as the thousand-and-one would-be infringers, who are waiting to join in the scramble as soon as the patent question is out of the way. It is well known that it was the fear that there would be no profit if the battle was won, that made the Sunlight people come to terms, and the same feeling is said to be operating on the present active opponents of the big concern.

## THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE COMMITTEE.

In our last week's "City Notes" we tried to show some of the limitations which bind the Stock Exchange Committee. One of the most important, however, we left over for discussion now, and, to put it briefly, it is that the Committee can do nothing in the matter of a grievance until it has been brought to their official notice by a member of the House or the public. This conservative, negative attitude is, in our opinion, a decided drawback to the usefulness of the Stock Exchange Committee, and one of the first reforms that we would suggest is in this connection. The new Committee elected the other day, feeling themselves secure of their seats for at least a twelvemonth, might fairly cast off some of the hide-bound traditions which have grown up round their important office and take cognisance on their own initiative of the worst abuses which contaminate the markets. For instance, they might fairly face the ever-growing difficulties inevitable so long as the Stock Exchange is under the dual control of Managers representing the shareholders on the one hand, and the Committee standing for the non-shareholding members on the other. It is absurd to leave the problem to be worked out by private theories which can have no chance of acceptance without official backing. And there are many among the Thirty Committeemen who agree that an alteration is both necessary and desirable. Then, again, the Committee should devote earnest attention to the increasing speculation which goes on by professional gamblers in the markets. That it is a thorny subject to tackle ought not to be a bar to the efforts of those whose duty it is to govern the House in the interests of the general public as well as those of their fellow-members. "Market-making" bristles with points that demand reform, and all credit must be given to former Committees which in recent years have done a good deal in the way of placing obstacles across the paths of shady promoters and tame Housemen.

Besides these things, there are numbers of rules which are broken with impunity every day, but which deserve to be duly honoured. The rule which forbids dealing by unauthorised clerks is winked at even by Committeemen themselves; that most wholesome regulation which forbids speculative dealing for those not in business on their own account is constantly disregarded even now, and options are done for periods long beyond the recognised limit of time. It is to be hoped that the new Stock Exchange Committee will speak with no uncertain voice upon the questions raised.

## THE CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Those who foresaw sad shortages in the traffic receipts of the two Canadian Railway Companies so soon as the autumn crops were harvested are discreetly lyin' low. The series of takes recorded week by week on both systems is maintaining its excellent character in a remarkable manner, and Grand Trunk issues are firming up on the lines suggested in *The Sketch* some weeks ago. Trunk Seconds have thrown off most of that natural weakness which seized them upon the declaration of what the market regarded as a disappointing dividend, and the stock is not unreasonably talked to 90. The prudent policy of the Board in spending a large proportion of earnings upon the maintenance and improvement of the line is bearing visible fruit, since the traffics which the Company now secures could hardly have been dealt with under the old conditions that used to prevail on the Grand Trunk. The First Preference stock at par or a fraction over makes a good 5 per cent. investment whereon old ladies of both sexes may sleep with security.

Canadian Pacific shares would, in all probability, have been up to 120 by this time had it not been for the new capital issue, at which some people are looking askance. But, seeing that the money is required for purposes which are likely to make a quick return upon it, we fail to see why Canadas should be depressed at the prospect of greater profit-earning capacity. Possibly, quite possibly, the new capital may be felt an encumbrance for a year or so; but, after all, that merely means that the Canadian Pacific will have a little less to place to reserve and depreciation funds. We confess that we should like to see the Company pay that larger dividend which it might readily do, and we take it that such increased distribution will come in time. But, on their present 5 per cent. basis, Canadas at 125 would not appear overvalued, considering the Company's prospects.

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

While business still shows itself very shy of returning to the Kaffir Market, the inward condition of that department is anything but

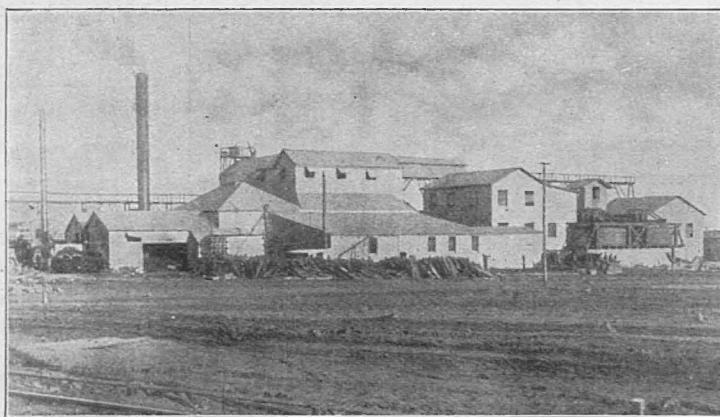
bad. Over-speculation may have scotched the boomlet, but work on the Rand goes on just as steadily as it was doing six weeks ago, when prices were sprinting like a final burst of the Blues at Mortlake. And when the market fell off like a spent crew, the eager profit-takers dashed in to secure what was left to them, so that for a week or so every four brokers out of five were "read" sellers by the dealers, quite justifiably too. That state of things is now over; a fairly large bull-account does exist in some few shares, but, on the whole, the weaker element is shaken out, and those who are left can take care of their holdings with perfect financial ease. The market has a clean sla— (piece of foolscap, we mean) on which to back its opinions after Easter.

Apparently it is the War news which the operator in Kaffirs must watch even more intently than he does the returns from the mines. These are, of course, early days in which to draw conclusions from crushings, since it is but few Companies that have their full complement of staff or stamps at work. Nevertheless, those who hold Gold shares will note with satisfaction how mine after mine which was being run at a loss in the late autumn of last year is now turning the corner and showing small profits. A little market animation and we should be seeing a dozen undertakings follow the example of the Wemmer, Bonanza, &c., and declaring dividends as an advertisement of the strength of their position.

As things are, it advantages a Board nothing to stir up hope amongst their shareholders; but, when things begin to move again, there are a dozen tonics at directors' hands to stimulate the public appetite. Kaffirs may go lower, although we doubt their doing so; but the man who lays up Gold shares such as Wolluter, City and Suburban, Langlaage Estate, or Heriots, will be shaking hands with himself when a period of activity returns, such as we had a foretaste of in the earlier part of the year.

## FROM BROKEN HILL.

Last week we were able to give our Broken Hill Correspondent's views on the position from the point of view of the current values of the principal metals produced, and this week he deals with the mining



HANNANS' STAR GOLD-MINE.



developments. We know that many of our readers are interested in the Consols Company; and will be pleased to hear of its progress.

Broken Hill, Feb. 4, 1902.

But little development work has been carried out lately. The mines in work have had to rush their reproductive works. But the appearance of the chief mines—the Proprietary, Central, British, and South—leaves little to be desired. The South is a "plum." It will yet prove one of the best mines on the Barrier, good as the Proprietary and Central are. It possesses immense wealth "in sight" and lower down. Next to the Central, its position is such that all the Central has it must get—and more also. The South's new plant is just about complete, and so is that on the North. The latter has cost nearly £35,000, though the original estimate was £15,000.

The British has had hard luck. It can't find the "Western body" at the lower levels, though forty-one bore-holes have been put in searching for it. The Central body, however, is proving a gigantic thing—58 feet across and over 200 feet wide at the 500-foot. Efforts are now being made to hit it at the 600-foot, and, everything turning out as at the higher level, fifty feet more cross-cutting should get it. Work on Block 16, which I advocated so persistently, has been suspended since the slump knocked at the door. I like the look of the British very much.

The Consols, now that the market is improving, is again showing some life. Silver in various forms, in lumps up to 6 lb. weight, is being won at the No. 7 and 8 levels, but only in leaders. The Manager, however, is more hopeful than usual. "We may strike another Bonanza any day," are his own words. Some willyamite was got the other day, a form of silver-ore only discovered on the Barrier. My faith in this mine has never wavered and is as strong to-day as ever.

An important suggestion was put forward last week by the Chairman of the Proprietary Company (Mr. W. Harvey Patterson), namely, the amalgamation of all the Barrier mines. He argued that it was a mistake that the original Proprietary Mine should have ever "popped," asserting that under one management the Broken Hill mines could be worked much more economically than at present, and could better support a drop in lead-values. The idea is a gigantic one, and has much in its favour; but it is hardly likely to be adopted. That, anyway, is my opinion. None of the other Boards have yet been approached, but, interviewed, the Directors do not look upon the idea very favourably. Were the proposal to receive any consideration, it would be found that the smaller mines would place impossible values on their properties. Of course, a J. P. Morgan could overcome any difficulty like that by a "corner," but Australia hasn't any "J.P.M.'s." The suggestion is shortly to be considered at a Conference—so far, no details are available. Later on, therefore, will be time to speak of it more fully.

I have, I think, spoken in previous letters of the insecurity of tenure of the various mineral leases of the Barrier Mines. That trouble has been overcome. Parliament has passed a Bill providing for the renewal of the leases on a scale of royalties on profits—1 per cent. per annum on profits up to £200,000, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on profits above that sum. This is accepted on all sides as very equitable, and ensures the mines being able to go steadily along without any fear of a block. It is fairer than the Companies ever hoped for, and its only opponents are the extremists of the Labour Party in the local Council. The worst of these extremists, by the way, have finished their term of office, and are not seeking re-election. The mismanagement of the town has been so dreadful that they had no hope of being again returned. By 1903, under the proposed new municipal laws, the town is expectant of being able to turn the Labour Party completely out of power. The bad times of 1901 the Party made much worse, and the public has not been slow to recognise it.

I am not going in for strong predictions just yet; but it is safe to say this, that, if lead continues on the up-grade until it is £14 to £15, the Barrier before the middle of the year will have almost forgotten that it ever had a depression. Great improvements are being made on all hands as the result of the "slump"; these include the adoption, experimentally, of electric traction on the Proprietary and Block 10, of more economic mining and milling, and of more perfect "systems"—and good profits could now be made at a lead-price of much below £16. The late "knock back" will ere long prove to have been a good thing for Broken Hill.

#### HOME RAILS.

This market has of late almost ceased to exist. "We don't make prices," said a jobber, the other day, "it is all a matter of negotiation," when an unfortunate broker approached him to do business in the stock of one of the Heavy lines, which shall be nameless. There is practically no public demand, and the stale bulls who loaded up in the hope of the dividends turning out better than had been expected have to get out of their stock as best they can. Except for the two unfortunate underground lines, the traffics are encouraging, and, if they continue on the same lines, there is sure to be a revival as soon as the Budget and a few other bogies are got over. Of course, the vast increase in working expenses during the last few years has fairly frightened people, but before long the effect of the improved American methods should make itself felt in the case of the best-managed Roads. For the steady-going investor who is willing to pay for what he buys and hold it for a year or two if needful, there have been much more unfavourable times to purchase Home Rails than the present. There does not seem much for the speculator to go for, but a lock-up of London and North-Western, Midland Deferred, London and South-Western Deferred, or Great Western stock will probably prove not a bad bargain.

Saturday, March 22, 1902.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

HAMPSTEAD.—As a speculation, the new shares may go better, but we do not advise them as an investment. From what we hear, the Hovis Company is doing fair business and making profits quite up to the average of previous years.

CLARINETTE.—(1) The Cocoa concern is supposed to be very speculative, because it is one of those mushrooms which have grown up and are thought to be kept alive by advertisements alone. It is also said that the product sold is not meritorious and depends for its popularity on injurious additions. We think the shares are cheap, considering the risk, which is overrated, and the yield. (2) See this week's "Notes."

W. R. H.—The issued capital was £481,000 in shares of £1 each fully paid, but the authorised capital is £575,000, so that there are a large number of shares which can be issued. If you buy on the Stock Exchange, only fully-paid shares are good delivery. We look upon the concern as speculative, and we do not care about the people connected with it.

ANSON.—(1) See this week's "Notes." (2) Sell while you can get even a trifle, for the time will come when there will be nothing left to dispose of.

#### OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



FORT ITALA:

"NO SURRENDER!"



THE WARNING BLAST.



SANNA'S POST:

SAVED BY THE GUNS.

An Edition of 100 Unsigned Proofs Now Ready.

Three Pictures in Photogravure, upon One Mount (in same style as our popular Thorburn Sporting Plates), from the Paintings by R. CATON WOODVILLE, for 10s. 6d. Size of Mount, 30 by 15 inches.

NOTE.—The above minute reproductions are only to show the arrangement of the Pictures, and give no idea of the quality of the Photogravures.



"FISHING FOR JACK."

By D. Downing.

Proofs in Photogravure. Size, 14 by 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Price £1 1s. each.



"CARRIAGE FOLK."

By F. Dolman.

Proofs in Photogravure. Size, 16 $\frac{1}{4}$  by 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Price 10s. 6d. each.

ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE. INSPECTION INVITED.

NOTE.—A Selection of our Fine-Art Plates is now being Exhibited at the International Press and Printing Exhibition, Crystal Palace; also at Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

"THE SKETCH" OFFICES, 198, STRAND, W.C.

THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LIMITED.—The Directors intimate that the accounts for twelve months' trading, ending Jan. 31, 1902, having been duly audited by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., they have, after making ample provision for all depreciations, &c., the payment of interim dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares, and providing for the proportion of dividend due in respect of the Preference share capital from Sept. 26, 1901, to Jan. 31, 1902, declared a final dividend at the rate of 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Company for the six months ending Jan. 31, 1902, making a total dividend of 10 per cent. per annum for the year. The sum of £9099 7s. 11d. has been carried to the reserve fund, thus making the total of the fund £50,000, the amount required, according to the Articles of Association, before a larger dividend than 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. might be declared, and the balance carried forward to the new profit-and-loss account.